# The Saturday Evening Post.

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### BRENDA TO HAKON.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY W. W. MALOTT.

O wake, love, with those beaming smiles
That lend a glory to thy face;
Look with the love-light that beguiles
Me to the bliss of thy embrace.

I yearn to feel that clasping arm
That thrills my soul with dearest joy;
I want to feel thy kisses warm,
Pressed to the lips that never cloy.

Not Egypt's Queen, on Nile's broad wave,
When Rome's imperial lord was nigh;
E'er felt her soul in pleasure lave,
Or quaffed such nectar draughts as I!

Her banquet graced with pearl-spiced wine,
Were but a dull and tasteless cheer
To that ecstatic feast of mine,
When thou, loved of my soul, art here.

Night's orb ne'er swayed the heaving sea
As thou my love-enchanted soul;
Look heaven, then, with those eyes on me,
For life itself's in thy control.

I glow, I thrill in thy embrace—
Shower kisses till I faint with bliss;
I seek my fate in thy dear face,
And life, love, heaven in thy kiss.

MARAUDING PARTY IN AN AFRICAN VILLAGE.

Our engraving represents one of the village-homes of a people in the interior of Africa, called the Musgu. Their country lies south of the kingdom of Bornou. The people of Bornou are in religion Mohammedans. They have some military power, and are the cruel oppressors of the wild nations lying southward of them, among whom they make plundering expeditions, burning and destroying all before them. They enter the villages of the Musgu, rob their houses, drive off their goats, and commit other outrages. The poor Musgus dare not resist, knowing that to do so would bring upon them quick destruction.

## A FAMILY-FAILING.

EDITED BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT,

AUTHOR OF "ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON," "BETWEEN TWO," &C.


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### XXXI.

*(Lady Carrick's Diary.)*

MORTY MORDARK.

Three months married, to-day! It does not seem possible. I asked my lord how it seemed to him. He was lying on the sofa, yawning, and he said—

"It seems three years."

I pretended to feel very much injured; and he explained that we had seen as much as most people would in three years, and that he is tired of sight-seeing, and longs for home-quiet.

"Let us go home then," I said.

"The very thing I am going to do. I have engaged passage in the next steamer."

"Without telling me?"

"Didn't you say the other day that you would like to see England again?"

"Yes, I did. But why do you always say, *I* am going to do so and so, instead of *we?*"

"Are not we one?"

"I don't like to have my individuality merged in yours quite to that extent."

"You can't help yourself, my dear. It's the law, and the gospel."

"Where do we go, when we get home?"

"To my—or, if you prefer it—*our* house."

"And where is that?"

"In ——shire."

"In what part of ——shire?"

"A very good part. I won't tell you what part—for I wish to surprise you."

"As the Lord of Burleigh did his dame? I wonder—"

"What do you wonder?"

"If I should have married you, had you been an artist, like—well, like Rupert."

"I don't think your Aunt Julia would have allowed it."

"She couldn't have helped herself. We didn't ask *her*."

"I had arranged it all with her, beforehand. I gave her my reasons, and persuaded her to let it appear to be a runaway match."

"Then she knows all about it?"

"All—even to the hour of our wedding."

"Did you tell her that you were afraid that Ruth—"

"No, my love. I just told you that, to make you consent to marry me, on the spot."

"You deceived me!"

"Yes, I deceived you, fearing that you would discover me to be your Cousin Cecil, and refuse to marry me, at any rate."

"What! you are not Cecil!"

"Certainly, I am—in propria personæ."

"But *he* was Cecil *Carmond*, and you are *Lord Carrick*."

"My father was *Lord Carrick*."

"I understand, now. No wonder if Ruth had wished to kill me. She has loved you for a great many years."

"A great many. And will love me a great many more, I don't doubt."

"You are married, now."

"That is very true! But she cannot help herself."

"Not help herself?—and you a married man!"

"Of course she can't expect to marry me *now;* but you have yet to learn that a woman who has once loved me, can never break up the habit."

"I think you talk very strangely. No woman has any right to love a married man."

"Sometimes women find a piquancy in doing wrong."

"What should you think of *me*, should I love any other man than yourself?"

"I defy you to do it."

"Of course I should not even *think* of such a dreadful thing. And—and the woman who dares to love my husband, had better look out for herself."

"If she could see you now, she certainly would. You look as beautiful and as murderous as Lucrezia Borgia; I did not think you could be so jealous."

"I am not jealous. I am thinking of Ruth."

"The two are synonymous. Come and give me a kiss, and then run away, while I write a letter."

*(Lord Carrick's Letter.)*

HOTEL DU ROIS, PARIS, Nov. 28th.

*Dear Ruth*—My little escapade is now three months old—and I am coming home. Must I confess that, in anticipating my return, the thought that gives me the greatest pleasure is the thought of seeing you? As cousins, as dear, old friends, we shall meet, often; and I hope that the pleasant intercourse of old will be renewed.

My wife and I shall consider it a privilege to receive our cousin in our own house; and I must confess further, that, although Eleanor is a most charming and dutiful wife, to one as fond of music as I am, you and your voice will make my home doubly attractive to me.

As ever, your affectionate cousin,
CECIL.

So my husband is Cecil Carmand!—that Cecil, whom, as a child, I so liked, so detested! I wish he had told me before we were married. I do not like to be deceived; and he who has deceived me once, I fear may deceive me again. I thought perfect trust in my husband to be part of my marriage-vow; but how can I trust one who has deliberately lied to me? Upon one thing I am determined—Ruth shall never come into my house—if—if my lord thinks so lightly of a woman's liking for a married man; and Ruth always was and will be the most detestable of flirts.

Aunt Julia will be at our home, to receive us. I am so glad. She is really my aunt now, being my husband's aunt—and, being my mother, also, by adoption, I think she should come and live with me; but she will not consent to do so, saying that young people should always begin housekeeping by themselves.

* * * * *

When we drove up from the station, today, and paused before the large, ornamental gates, evidently newly-hung between the lofty pillars, I leaned eagerly forward to catch a glimpse of my new domain.

"Let us get out of the carriage, here," said my lord, "and go in by a private entrance."

He took a key from his pocket, as he spoke; and we walked forward, skirting the wall, above which we could see the tall tops of the trees, and over which drooped trailing vines, clutching at every rough unevenness of the stones with their eager tendrils. Perched on the topmost stones of the wall, a bird was twittering, its bright, black eyes scanning us closely, the while. The trees were half-bare, the vines brown, and their tendrils withered; but here I had once walked when the leaves were green, and so a bird had twittered, as if calling—Come over, and see! Come over, and see! When, and where?

My lord unlocked the gate, and stood aside for me to enter. As I went in I seemed to be walking in a dream; every step of the way was familiar to me. I had trodden it a thousand times. The uneven clumps of trees, at whose feet grew clusters of ferns, and wild-woodland plants and mosses—the dark, solemn hedges, the distant glimpses of the scarlet and gold of tall autumnal plants, the drip and plash of the chilled fountains, and finally a black expanse of water, in which the weeping-willows trailed their shivering fringes. I looked around me, and awoke from my dream. "The Dark Pool!" I said. But had I awakened from my dream—was I not still sleeping—clutched by a dreadful nightmare?—for, as I spoke, there, on the opposite side of the Pool, stood Rupert, looking straight at me himself, as he used to be, but for the dreadful pallor of death!—his fair hair hanging upon his forehead, disordered by the pressure of the hat he was holding in his hand.

I felt very faint for a moment, and, leaning against Lord Carrick, whispered—

"Look across."

"I am looking, but I see nothing new or remarkable."

"I saw—Rupert."

"Rupert!"

"Yes—standing—there. Let us go away. It is haunted here. It makes me ill to stay."

"Where did you see him? Tell me, quick!"

"Right across there," I said, pointing with my finger, and with carefully averted eyes.

He darted from my side and disappeared. I walked hastily forward, away from the Pool, with icy chills running through my veins, and my limbs seeming to have grown too weak for the support of my body. Somebody came fluttering down the walk as if to meet me. A vision of streaming ribbons and wonderful skirts of many colors, green, orange, and blue. Annis, herself!—not a day, not an hour older, it seemed, but when I had been with her a while, I thought her eyes had a haunted look, dark and troubled as the Pool. When she saw me she stopped, and looked at me as steadily as those restless eyes ever could look at any one.

"I will / thou wilt / he will / We will / you will / they will } come back,"

she said—as if she had been reciting a verb from a grammar. "They have come back, why shouldn't she come back, too?"

"Annis, who has come back?" I said.

"Rupert. I have seen him. It must be very cold down there," she shivered, and pointed to the Pool. "I suppose he comes back to warm himself. The man in the wilderness, he asked me How many corpses lay under the sea? I answered him, as I thought good, As many dead bodies as lie in the wood."

I began to walk rapidly to escape this charnel-house conversation—which, joined with the fright I had just received, began to affect my nerves unpleasantly. Annis came up to me with a fantastic hop, skip and jump, and laid her hand on my arm. "Don't go so fast," she said. "Remember, Jack and Gill went up the hill to get a pail of water—and what was in it? *She* was in it drowned—dead—and Rupert, and—who was he with the black hair? Columbus? That is like omnibus, you know, and you can ride, ride, ride—sword and pistols by your side, leaden coffin, nails and hammer, She'd no soul, so could they d—n her?"

There was something horrible in this to me, though it was but the utterance of a disordered intellect, and I broke away from Annis, who began to cry, and wring her hands, while I walked quickly towards the house. I had a fancy to enter it as I first had done, and went around to the door that Annis had opened for me when Rupert sent me in with the letter, and, having gone in, kept on my way to the yellow drawing-room, where I had found Ruth that memorable morning. As I passed through the familiar rooms and down the long, dark halls, I contrasted the forlorn "fish-child," as Mrs. Bromer had called her, with the elegantly-dressed lady, who was now mistress of the house in which she was then received as an object of charity, and wife of a viscount—and there recurred to me the old saying—

"Whosoe fyndeth the lossit ring,
The house ytte's fortunes to thatte shal clyng."

Had it been fate, or good-fortune? While I was asking myself this question the air thrilled under a deep, rolling sound, that I soon knew to be the bass of the organ, touched by skillful fingers. "Who can be playing?" I said to myself, and paused, with my hand on the door, and the old feeling of being as much of an intruder as when I had so stood seven years before, a venturous child, wandering where I had not been bidden to go.

"Pshaw! I am mistress here," and saying these words aloud, I opened the door, and went in. The curtains of the alcove were drawn, but their satin folds only dulled the deep melody that I discovered was being played as an accompaniment to a conversational duet—and when I had been down the room, and had drawn them aside, there I found Ruth—and my husband! Ruth did not see me, having her back to me, and continued to speak, while her hands glided over the keys. "Yes, I received your letter."

"You see I am here first," said his lordship, which must have appeared a very irrelevant remark to Ruth, who, of course, could not know that it was addressed to me, and looked up at first in his face, then turned her head in my direction. "Eleanor!" she said, rising, and coming forward, with her usual self-possession. I had instantly resolved what course to take—and put both my hands behind me when she extended hers. "I don't wish to shake hands with you," I said.

"Not shake hands!"

"I neither wished nor expected to find you in my house."

"Eleanor!" said my husband.

"I never liked you. I like you still less now. If you have any pride or self-respect you will leave my house immediately."

"Eleanor, you forget that this is *my* house."

"And *I* am *your wife*."

"As such you can invite *your* guests, and I retain the same privilege for myself."

"Is this person your guest?"

"My guest, and my cousin. I don't wish my wife to quarrel with *our* relations."

"I acknowledge no such relationship. If this woman stays in your house I leave it."

"Where will you go?"

"To the house where the *widow* lives, when the new heir takes possession."

"There is a cottage belonging to the estate. You are welcome to the use of it."

"Is it furnished?"

"I believe so—but it shall be—refurnished, if you please."

"Anything is good enough for a deserted wife."

"I rather think it is I who am to play the role of the deserted husband."

"May I be allowed to speak?" said Ruth.

"I, for one, always listen to you with pleasure," responded my husband.

"Lady Carrick will not need to leave her house because my society is disagreeable. I have a house of my own."

"But I have already invited you to make *me* a visit, and I do not withdraw my invitation," said Lord Carrick.

"You have invited me, but you haven't asked my husband," said Ruth.

I must confess that, for an instant, every feeling but amazement was banished from my mind. Then came a strong feeling of curiosity to know who her husband could be, and then I looked at *my* husband, who was touching the organ-keys with one hand, without making any sound, of course. As I looked at him he raised his eyes.

"If you will tell me who your husband is I will invite him also."

"There he is, to answer for himself. Come in, Morty."

A gentleman stood in the entrance of the alcove, holding back the curtains with one hand. "I hummed and whistled, but no one told me to come in." And then he came forward, and Ruth introduced him as "My husband, Morty Mordark."

He shook hands with us both, and *I liked him at once.* Such soft, appealing eyes I have never seen.

"Mortimer already knows you both very well. Don't you, boy?" said Ruth.

"You did not make Lady Carrick beautiful enough in your description."

"Women see with different eyes to men," said Ruth, carelessly, while I felt myself redden.

"I paint a little," said Mr. Mordark, addressing me, "and I sometimes speak of ladies as I do of pictures. You must forgive me for being so very personal."

"It is very easy to forgive you," I said.

"The ladies always fall in love with Morty," said Ruth, and then Mr. Mordark looked at his watch and asked Ruth if she were not coming home.

"I am ready whenever you are," was her dutiful response.

"My wife and I shall expect to see very much of you, we are such near neighbors," said Mr. Mordark, turning to me. "You were old friends, I believe?" And, under the influence of those soft, kind eyes, I said "Yes."

Ruth looked at me very oddly. No wonder. I extended my hand to her at parting. "For your husband's sake," I said, in a low tone.

"For *our* husbands' sakes," she responded, as she met my grasp.

Lord Carrick accompanied them to the door, and I went in search of Aunt Julia.

### XXXII.

AUNT JULIA REMONSTRATES AND ELEANOR RESOLVES.

When Aunt Julia saw me, she actually cried over me. "You can't think how I have missed you, dear."

"You had Ruth for consolation."

"But Ruth has been so taken up with getting married and honeymooning and all that, that she has been very little satisfaction. You know she was married?"

"I have seen her and her husband. I like him."

"Every one does."

"Who is he, and where does he come from?"

"He's a Lancashire man, and has travelled immensely. But everybody travels immensely in our days. I sometimes feel as if a person who hasn't travelled has no business to show his or her face in society."

"It was very sudden, Ruth was in love with Lord Carrick when I went away."

"I accused her of marrying Morty from pique. (Such marriages always make me so angry.) She had met him a good while ago, it seems, and he had been on probation, as it were, waiting until she could make up her mind to marry him. When I asked her if she loved him, she said he was the one to ask that question, and receive her answer, and walked off."

"How could you expect her to commit herself? She never did that, except with Lord Carrick. He knew pretty well what her feelings were." Then I told her what had passed between Ruth, my lord and myself.

"My dear, it was like a scene out of a play!" said Aunt Julia, admiringly.

"Morty came in very apropos, didn't he? It was almost as if Ruth had arranged it beforehand. But I suppose she couldn't have done that."

"It's all over now, isn't it?" Aunt Julia asked, anxiously.

"Not until my lord apologizes to me for his very singular behavior."

"My dear child, you were very violent and very provoking, according to your own account of yourself."

"Who wouldn't be? He had been writing to her!"

"She is his cousin."

"I don't care. She was in love with him, and he pretended to be with her."

"But he left her and married you."

"But now I am his wife, he is tired of me, and wishes the excitement of flirting with her."

"You shouldn't say that, until you are sure."

"I *am* sure."

"Should you, a bride, leave your husband's house, it will cause a terrible scandal."

"I won't leave his house them. But I'll have my own suite of apartments, into which he shall have no more right of entrance than a stranger. I've read of people doing that and no one being the wiser."

"The servants always know if there is a quarrel in the house."

"I can't help that. We are at present belligerents, and I appoint you my ambassadress to carry out this arrangement."

"But ambassadors are sent to *reconcile* affairs."

"Then I make you my herald to carry a declaration of war."

"My dear, never make war against your husband. You are the maker, and the world will blame *you*."

"'A fico for the world and worldlings base!' I am resolved that, unless he makes an apology, and a *humble* apology, I will be a stranger to him."

"Eleanor, you certainly belong to the family, for you have the family-failing very much."

"What a mild way of putting it! Now, Aunt Julia, don't forget yourself and make overtures for peace, instead of declaring war."

"I shall do what I think best, Eleanor, and I think you are making a mistake."

"That is *my* look-out."

While Aunt Julia was gone, I amused myself by going over the house. I went first to the room in which I had first seen Mrs. Rupell mourning remorsefully for her dead son. The door was locked, but I found a key in one of the other doors in the corridor, that unlocked it without any difficulty. It was as dark as the grave in there, and I groped my way to one of the windows, and pushed open the shutter. The sable hangings were still up, but looked and smelled mouldy. It seemed to me as if the room had not been touched since she was there—for her chair, with the small table beside it, was in the well-remembered spot, and hanging over the chair, was the black drapery she had worn over her beautiful hair that morning I was led in to her, a forlorn and frightened child. I took it up and kissed it, and put it over my head as she had worn it. Being there brought her and all her kindness back to me, with the terrible vividness association gives to sorrow; and I sat down in her chair, and leaning my elbow on her table and my head on my hand, poured a few tears as a libation to memory. A shriek, a terrible shriek, aroused me, frightening me to that degree that I was unable to move, and for an instant did not dare to raise my eyes, for fear of seeing something horrible. When I did look up, I saw a tall woman, dressed in black, standing in the doorway—*standing*, I said, but she was *crouching*, rather, her black garments all huddled up in one hand, the other one stretched towards me, the palm outward.

"Bromer!" I said. She gave a gasp, and fell forward, partly into the room.

A heavy body came bouncing down the corridor, and a large, rosy-cheeked woman gave a howl, when, looking across the prostrate Mrs. Bromer she saw me—(her rosy-cheeks had grown quite white with terror.)

"Don't ye! don't ye!" she said, faintly, as I got up, and moved toward her.

"What *is* the matter?" said Aunt Julia, making her appearance very opportunely; but when she saw me, she, too, started back, and cried out.

"*What* is the matter!" said I, in my turn, dropping off my black drapery as I came forward.

"Goodness! Eleanor!" said Aunt Julia, "I thought—"

"What *did* you think?"

"Well, with that black thing on your head, you looked just like my poor, dear sister. What were you dressed up in that way for—frightening us all out of our senses?"

"I had forgotten I had it on. I was thinking of dear grandmamma, when I did it."

"Run down, Susan, and get James and Andrew to carry Mrs. Bromer down-stairs. She seems to be in a regular fit."

Her rigidly-locked hands and blue lips, around which a light foam was gathering, frightened me. Aunt Julia sent for some brandy, which she forced down her throat, and when the men had carried her down-stairs, followed her, leaving me to close the so-long-unopened apartment.

Having locked the door and taken out the key, I went into the Blue-room, where was the piano that Ruth had imagined had been bought for herself; and I remembered how she had arranged the pictures upon the wall, behind it, that, when playing, she might have something beside the bare wall to look at. I opened the piano, 'twas in good tune, and I sat down to it and began to run my fingers over the keys. They slid into the air of a Venetian barcarolle, and I began to sing the words, trying to give them the expression with which Beppo our handsome gondolier had rendered them.

"I thought you were Ruth," said a voice behind me—Morty Mordark's voice—"I had just left Ruth at home, and run back to speak to—Mrs. Cecil, and you can imagine my surprise when I thought I heard her singing in this room."

"Do you really think I sing like Ruth?" I asked; and very much delighted I was, for I had always considered Ruth's voice inimitable.

"Doesn't your husband think so?"

"He has never heard me sing."

"Never!"

"When he asked me to sing, I always pretended that I could not. You see I did not like him at all, at first; and—and we were married in a great hurry, because Ruth was so jealous."

"She was jealous of you?"

"Yes." The trouble in his face made me wish that I had not spoken; and yet I was determined he should know about it. "Ruth and my lord flirted dreadfully once; and I think they are inclined to do so now, from something I saw this morning."

"Something—you saw?"

"Oh! 'twas nothing in itself; but, joined to what I had known before, I did not like the looks of it—and I've quarrelled with my husband about it."

"I am sorry that my wife should have been the cause of a quarrel between you. I do not think—"

"You don't know Ruth, then. Of all the flirts—"

"Please don't say any more. You should not say this to me, nor should I listen to it."

"Very well—if you choose to be blinded—"

"Married people must bear and forbear; and—women do not always judge fairly of other women."

"You are a most convenient husband—"

"Cousin Eleanor, I shall not quarrel with you, whatever you may say or do to me. I am—very patient."

"I can't bear patient people."

"You will learn to endure me, I hope. Perhaps to like me, in time."

The gentle voice, the soft, appealing eyes overcame my anger at his refusal to be angry.

"I *do* like you, Cousin Morty," I said, "very, very much."

"Thank you. You are very kind to say so."

"I don't see how any one can help liking you," I said, impetuously. "Here is Aunt Julia! Cousin Morty and I are great friends already, Aunt Julia."

"I am glad to see it."

"And I have been telling him about Ruth, Aunt Julia, and—and Lord Carrick." I hesitated when speaking, Aunt Julia looked so strangely.

"You have not only been weak enough to try to quarrel with your husband, but you are wicked enough to try to make trouble between another husband and wife!"

"I have not been trying to make trouble. I thought it was right to tell him—"

"To tell him what?"

"That Ruth and my husband mean to flirt again, as they used to."

"How do you know that?"

"I have already told you."

"You have given me no good reasons. You have proved to me nothing, but that you are very jealous."

"Lord Carrick is not *your* husband."

"And thank the Lord that I am not Charles Carmand, with *you* for a wife! I'd run away."

"He wasn't obliged to marry me."

"I don't see why he did, I'm sure."

"Any man with two eyes can see the reason why," interposed Morty.

"But not one with two *ears*," said Aunt Julia. "Of all the tongues, a woman's—"

"You are a woman, yourself, Aunt Julia."

"Yes—but when I see a woman act as you do, I'm ashamed of myself. If Lord Carrick preferred Ruth, why did he not ask her to marry him, instead of you?"

"I suppose he preferred me for a wife, and her to flirt with."

"And what *is* flirting—what do you call *flirting?*"

"What Ruth does all the time."

"Eleanor, I'm ashamed of you. Morty, don't you listen to a single word she says."

"Alas! madam, I have two ears."

"Do you know what she proposes to do?"

"She has not told me."

"To live apart from her husband."

Morty gently shook his head at me.

"Aunt Julia, this is a private matter. You have no right—"

"It will be public soon enough; so I may as well tell it, first as last."

"Then Lord Carrick has agreed—"

"That everything shall be as you wish. You are to have any suite of apartments you may select."

"I am glad you are not going to leave the house," said Morty, looking greatly relieved. "Of course *I* shall never say anything, and people may not find it out."

"Nonsense!" said Aunt Julia; "such things are *always* found out. Oh! that I should have brought up such a fool!"

"I couldn't help my bringing up. *I* had nothing to say about it."

"Morty, don't take a child that is not your own to *your* heart and home, or this will be your return."

"Dear Aunt Julia," I said, springing toward her, "*don't* say that! I *am* grateful, I *do* love you. You know I do!"

"Why are you so naughty, then? All the kisses and caresses in the world are not worth one effort to please me."

"But, Aunt Julia, I can't—I can't see my husband—oh! I c—can't say this before any one else."

"I will go away," said Morty.

I took my arms from around Aunt Julia's neck, and went up to him.

"You will come and see me again, won't you, Cousin Morty? when—when I am settled? I shall be in my husband's house, so—"

"And I shall be here, too. You are my daughter, and—and I shall stand by you."

Dear, good Aunt Julia! she has set *me* before her conscience! When Morty was gone I asked Aunt Julia to tell me what other arrangements had been made with regard to the separate establishments.

"You are developing quite a business capacity," said she gravely.

"A woman without a husband must look out for herself."

"Foolish child! you do not know yet what it is to be without a husband. Neither will you, at present, for Cecil has made every arrangement with a view to your standing in the eyes of the world."

"Of course he hasn't thought at all of Number One."

"I know that he is wonderfully forbearing, wonderfully thoughtful. But I suppose he looks upon you as a silly baby, who doesn't know what is good for herself."

"I thought you were going to stand by *me*."

"That won't prevent me from telling the truth occasionally. Do you know what will be the result of this?"

"Of telling the truth?"

"Of this separation?"

"Peace and quietness, I hope."

"Total alienation."

"But he can't marry Ruth unless he should kill me, and Ruth should kill Morty."

"Eleanor, you frighten me."

"I think her capable of it. Now don't let's squabble any more, auntie, but tell me what else I am to have, beside the suite of rooms?"

"A pony-phaeton, your saddle-horse, and any one of the carriages you may choose at any time. He will make you an allowance of spending-money, continue to engage the services of your French maid, and hopes you will breakfast and dine in his company as usual, and hold yourself free to invite and entertain any number of visitors you may wish to. What do you think of that?"

"I suppose it is all right. He has a great deal more money than he can spend on himself, and—as I am his wife—"

"Eleanor, I'm afraid you are heartless."

"Indeed I am not, Aunt Julia. I supposed, when I was married, that my husband would take care of me. It's a husband's business."

"But the wife is expected to do her part also."

"I haven't any money."

"You were supposed to bring love and obedience as your dowry."

"I thought I was to have my husband's heart."

"You have it. His kindness and forbearance prove that."

"He is very artful—as artful as Ruth. *He* is not going to be blamed."

"I don't understand how you have learned to distrust people so early."

"My early association with Ruth was unfortunate. She has given the coloring to my whole life. It would have been better had she or I never existed. But while I *do* live, I am not going to be fooled by her."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)


# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JAN'Y 8, 1870.


## TERMS.


The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $6.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

**SEWING MACHINE** Premium. For 20 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 30 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.


NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

☞ A lady in Livingston county, complains that, just before Christmas, she sent an order to New York for a dozen nutpicks, and received promptly a dozen pickaxes.

☞ A memorial has been presented to the President from merchants and other residents of British Columbia, asking to be annexed to the United States. The President informed Mr. Colyer he had read the memorial with great interest, and sent it to the Secretary of State.

☞ A gentleman of Buffalo has been engaged to perform the following difficult feat: A cork will be loosely placed on the neck of an ordinary bottle, and on the top of the cork a bullet will be rested. The gentleman will then undertake, at a distance of twelve paces, to fire a pistol so that four times in ten trials he shall shoot away the cork and drop the bullet into the bottle.

☞ A lecturer in New York recently said that "laughter was one of the best sanitary agents known to the medical faculty, and was withal an indication of intellectual vigor and moral soundness."

☞ A fashionable undertaker in one of the northern towns of Kentucky indulged his taste by purchasing a very elegant hearse, with plate-glass, silver mountings, and mournfully waving plumes. A gentleman seeing the hearse passing down the street in gloomy pomp, inquired anxiously of the nearest friend, "Who is dead?" The reply was: "Nobody—*he's only drumming!*"

☞ The Prayer of the Office-seeker—"Oh, that I were an event, that I might take place!"

☞ Parr once asked a lady what she thought of his sermon. She answered:—"My opinion is expressed in the first five words of the sermon itself—'Enough and more than enough.'" He was out of humor for the rest of the evening.

☞ HARD CIDER.—"Why, dear me, Mr. Longswallow," said a good old lady, "how can you drink a whole quart of that hard cider at a single draught?" As soon as the man could breathe again, he replied:—"I beg pardon, madam, but upon my soul it was so hard I couldn't bite it off."

☞ A Newark Baptist divine recently besought the Most High to bless our rulers, "from the President of the United States down through the Congressmen, Governors, Assemblymen, Aldermen, *to even the lowest member of the police force.*"

☞ A physician of St. Louis gives it as his opinion that one of the chief causes of cholera infantum during the summer months originates in the bad management of children during the winter; keeping them too much confined in ill-ventilated, overheated rooms. By this treatment they become enervated. There is actually less mortality from cholera infantum in the cities of Charleston and New Orleans than in New York, Philadelphia, and St. Louis—the winters being so mild in the South that children are not kept confined indoors so constantly, nor for so great a length of time, as they are during the winters at the North. Therefore they are able, in the former situation, to withstand even a greater heat with less mortality from this disease.

☞ A GOOD HORSE.—An Irish gentleman, well known in sporting circles for his wit, was accosted by a friend with: "Upon my word, B——, you are riding a good horse." "And why should I not ride a good horse?" "Well," rejoined his friend, "but will he jump timber?" "Timber!" replied the other. "Faith, he'll leap over your head!"

☞ A breach-of-promise case in Detroit turns upon the question whether the defendant intended, by inclosing a leaf of rose-geranium to the lady, to use the language of flowers, in which case the innocent leaf would have said, "Thou art my choice."

☞ They hire out dress coats in London, to the advantage of the class who live on the interest of their debts, and yet occasionally want to dine out. Here is an advertisement from an English paper:—"Dress coats lent. B—— lends the finest of clothes for operas, balls, or weddings. New, fashionable, and premier quality, from the most eminent west-end tailors," &c., &c.

☞ To be seen for nothing—The play of the features.

### Man and the Ape.

Man's nearest relative in the great family of nature is the ape. This is a familiar fact; but it is not so well known that man approaches in bodily conformation more and more nearly to his inferior relative the lower and lower his state of cultivation. Where and when was the line drawn? Is Darwin coming out triumphant from the battle that has raged against him? Quite recently some skulls and skeletons of races contemporary in France with the reindeer have been discovered; and they have afforded material for establishing the above conclusion. The characteristics of the animal, the low forehead, and the projecting mouth disappear in man's conflict with circumstances. The mental labor which the conflict entails develops the brain: the forehead becomes upright, the skull higher and more dome-shaped, and the projecting countenance recedes under the skull. This chain of deductions was one of the results of a Palæontological Congress lately held at Copenhagen. Another not uninteresting item of intelligence there accepted and thence disseminated was, that the primeval Europeans, our progenitors, were cannibals, and savages of the lowest class; inferior, in spite of their white skin, to the lowest type of existing savagery—the Australian. Europe was probably the latest peopled part of the world. The last have become the first.

[*Note.* There is one great error in the above—probably *not* made by the Congress in question. The primeval Europeans were not "our progenitors." The progenitors of the present European races were Aryans, and came from central Asia;—and while they lived in central Asia were by no means a tribe of savages, as Max Muller and others have conclusively proved by means of comparative philology. There is, we believe, no proof that any tribe of mere savages ever raised itself to the heights of civilization.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

### True Picture of a Battle-Field.

Steadily the brave fellows ascended the range of hills, two ranks deep, under a furious fire of artillery, flashing death's terrors under the most fearful form, and gayly they climbed the numerous fences in their way. Men dropped, gaps were made in the ranks, but the lines were immediately closed—all were compact as before. The wounded silently fell. All bosh about the screams of the wounded that we read of in books. On they went until a blazing fire of musketry stormed upon them from the rifle-pit hitherto invisible, and induced a halt. Firmly they stood and returned the fire. Up went the swords of the field officers, wildly cheering them on. Again they advanced. Again they halted. Line officers ran behind the men—picking up cartridge-boxes of the dead, and replenishing those of the living.

Back and forth they went, in the rear of their companions, asking men if their ammunition held out, indicating localities where shots might be effective, and encouraging them with hopeful words:—

"Steady, boys, steady; give 'em thunder! Smith, are you hurt?"

"Yes, sir; my arm's broke."

"Go to the rear, my boy."

Another boy falls.

"Where are you struck, Robert?"

"In the thigh, sir. I can't move."

"Lie still, and keep cool; they'll take you away soon."

"Dennis, what's the matter with you? Why the devil don't you fire?"

"The ball's banged to the top o' me muskit together, sir, and broke the bagenet."

"Pitch it away; here's another. Fire faster, Jones! That's right, Robinson! Give it to 'em! Splendid! boys, splendid! Down with you, a new battery opening!"

So it goes, encouragement and reproof by turns, in quantities varied by the individual vitality of the officers, interspersed with constant orders to lie down and avoid the fire of the batteries.

"D—n this knapsack! I can't stand it!" says one; and it is jerked off.

"This coat is as hot as ——," says another, and off it goes.

Terrible is this work of death! The enemy in the rifle pits have the advantage of three to one. They put their heads up, fire, and down they go to load.

"Oh, blast it! Cap'n, we ain't got no chance against them fellers; we ought to have reinforcements."

This cry extends along the lines. Colonels, in their visits to their regiments, hear it from their line officers; soon it comes to the knowledge of the generals, and after an hour's fighting, an order to fall back is given, which is obeyed with a steady pace, and but little straggling towards the city.

BLACK CLOTHES.—In the year 1524, Luther laid aside the monk's costume, and henceforward dressed according to the fashion of the world. He chose black clothes, and consequently the color has become the fashion of the clergy. His reason for choosing this color was—the Elector of Saxony took an interest in him, and now and then sent him a piece of black cloth, being at that time the court fashion, and because Luther preferred it; so his scholars thought it became them to wear the same color as their master. From that time black has been the color mostly worn by the clergy.

☞ The New York Board of Health reports that there are 20 000 tenement houses in that city, and that 700,000 of its inhabitants live in them.

☞ One hundred packages of tea recently came to New York by railroad from San Francisco.

☞ "Ladies, without regard to sex," are invited to attend a woman's rights meeting in a Western town.

☞ The reduction in the rate of telegrams to Switzerland from 1 franc to 59 centimes has so largely increased the receipts that the Government intends establishing twenty-two new lines.

☞ Louis Napoleon is comforted with the thought that there are only eleven political parties in France.

☞ Whatever else the Spaniards may want, they ought not to want food, for have they not a provisional government?

☞ RIVALRY IN TRADE.—Rivalry in trade is shown in the case of two sausage dealers in Paris, with shops adjoining, one of whom has painted on his glass window, over a pyramid of sausages: "At ten cents a pound, to pay more is to be robbed;" while the other puts his sausages into an obelisk, and paints above it—"At twelve cents a pound, to pay less is to be poisoned."

☞ The Methodists have ten thousand "local" preachers, men of secular calling with a talent for preaching, who constitutes a reserve force in the church.

### The Crops.

The following is an advance summary of the latest information in reference to the crops of the past season received at the Department of Agriculture, the details of which appear in the regular report for the current month:—

On the first of September, a failure of the corn crop of northern New England appeared to be imminent. Two weeks earlier indications of frost were seen. The apprehension was general that no corn would ripen; but fine, sunny weather followed, continuing through September and part of October, with occasional rains, ripening the crop very fully in some places, and in others leaving it in partial immaturity. On the warm slopes and good soils of Addison county, Vermont, and similar lands, the quality was equal to that of the best crops of former years, while in Orleans county the quality was inferior, though the quantity was an average. The crop of New England will be less than that of last year by about 8 per cent.

The severe drought of July and August, prevalent along the Atlantic coast, affected corn injuriously, but the favorable weather of later months greatly relieved the severity of the injury. In New Jersey and Maryland, and some portions of Pennsylvania, come reports of immaturity, while a general assurance is given of a large quantity and better quality than was expected in the summer. Virginia suffered severely by the drought.

In Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Iowa the reduction in quality was still greater. The only states reporting an increase of quantity are Minnesota, Missouri, Florida, Nebraska, Kansas, Texas, and California. Louisiana and Iowa have nearly an average. The principal corn-growing section of the West will average a reduction of fully twenty per cent. With all the increase of farmers to produce and population to consume, and with an actual enlarging of area under culture, it is certain there was actually less corn produced this year than in 1868.

*Cotton.*—The drought of the Atlantic coast was far less injurious to cotton than to corn. Superior cotton soils, well cultivated, rarely suffer for want of rain. Inferior, shallow, and neglected soils, which produce small crops under the most favorable circumstances, are often injured, and in the present season have, in many cases, yielded meagre returns for the little labor expended. Everywhere the average planted is greater than last year.

The drought was severe in North Carolina, reducing the crop materially as a whole. In South Carolina and Georgia, the long season of hot and dry weather reduced materially the yield in the aggregate, with the same variation in different circumstances of soil and culture as in states further North. The crop of Alabama and that of Mississippi suffered still less, yet is not an average one. Texas shows an increase in some counties. The October freeze injured corn in Kentucky, both in shock and in the field, and wet weather was the cause of loss in low lands. In Missouri, the crop was generally fine. The aggregate of the crop exceeds that of last year, and the quality is good. A reduction of 17 per cent. is indicated in Illinois. The wet spring and cool summer delayed the ripening, and though there were no severe early frosts, the freezing weather in October found much of the crop imperfectly matured.

The product per acre in the sea coast states is materially less, with very few exceptions. The use of fertilizers has largely increased the yield of these states, has given a better stand in fields where the plant had a feeble start, and stimulated to rapid growth and early maturity. In one experiment reported the first picking of plants fed with guano yielded, September 11th, a tenfold increase over similar area of undressed soil, and at the end of the season the enriched soil had produced double the amount of that unenriched.

The grasshoppers in some parts of Texas injured cotton that was planted late. The culture in Texas is extending far beyond its limits in 1860. One county, which made no return at date, returning 4,300 bales, and others producing it for the first time average 300 pounds per acre.

Arkansas has made an average crop upon a somewhat increased area. The picking commenced earlier than usual; and the later bolls ripened more thoroughly.

An examination of the crop tabulations which follow, will show the estimate yield per acre in each state and the comparison with last year, expressed as a percentage of the crop of 1868:

Product compared with that of 1868:

North Carolina, 95 per cent.; South Carolina, 85 per cent.; Georgia, 95 per cent.; Florida, 107 per cent.; Alabama, 108 per cent.; Mississippi, 115 per cent.; Louisiana, 112 per cent.; Texas, 125 per cent.; Arkansas, 110 per cent.; Tennessee, 85 per cent. Yield per acre.—North Carolina, 145 pounds; South Carolina, 128 pounds; Georgia, 150 pounds; Alabama, 176 pounds; Mississippi, 201 pounds; Louisiana, 200 pounds; Texas, 275 pounds; Arkansas, 251 pounds; Tennessee, 100 pounds.

The aggregate product, in accordance with returns received to this date, is little more than ten per cent. above the yield of 1868, or about 2,700,000 commercial bales, or fully 3,000,000 of bales of four hundred pounds each.

*Potatoes.*—The potato crop is very large. The greatest increase is respectively in Kansas, Nebraska, Illinois, Iowa, and Missouri. All the Eastern states, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and all the Western, except Minnesota, have advanced in production, but the Southern states, excepting only Florida, Louisiana, and Texas, have reduced their aggregate.

The sweet potato crop is somewhat less than the average.

*Tobacco.*—The latest returns indicate a reduction of one-third in Virginia and Maryland, one-sixth in Kentucky, 10 per cent. in Michigan, with a slight decrease in Indiana and Illinois. Massachusetts, West Virginia, Michigan, Wisconsin, and other states west of the Mississippi, have somewhat enlarged their production. A fair summary of these returns would seem to indicate an aggregate reduction of about 20 per cent.

☞ An old farmer, fifty-seven years old, beat Weston in a walking match at Dubuque, Iowa, the other day.

☞ A Detroit belle has had one toe amputated from each foot with great success, as regards small boots.

☞ An old tobacco chewer finds that the Bible sustains his favorite habit. He quotes:—"He that is filthy, let him be filthy still."

### Anecdote of Daniel Webster.

A writer in the Providence Journal gives some interesting reminiscences of Mr. Webster, telling the following to illustrate his extreme sensitiveness:

"My informant's father, some forty years ago or more, kept the public house in Sandwich, Mass. There were two others, Newcomb's and Swift's; but his was the hotel. He had a room appropriated to himself. He used to go there with his wife, his first wife, Grace Fletcher. On one occasion returning alone, from court, at Nantucket, he stopped, as usual, for the night, and found his room ready and light burning. After he had gone to sleep, up drove Kilburn Whitman, a famous lawyer, in Plymouth county, and the greatest snorer in all Massachusetts. It was said of him, that at a session of the court, in Taunton, once, he snored a sleeping companion into such a nightmare that his screams brought the whole household into the room, but Kilburn was still snoring. He wanted lodging. The host told him he had only one spare bed, which was in Mr. Webster's room, and he dared not put him in there. Kilburn said he would make it all right with Mr. Webster. The host said, 'go to Newcomb's,' but Kilburn persisted and went up to Mr. Webster's room, while the host and his wife retired for the night. In about half an hour they were aroused by a great knocking at their door. On opening it there stood Mr. Webster, looking black as he only could look when angry. 'What did you put that sperm whale into my room for? He snores loud enough to wake the whole South Atlantic.' The host made every possible explanation, and brought Kilburn down and put him on the sofa for the night. But Mr. Webster was never after a guest in that house."

### THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been dull. About 9000 bbls sold at $4.25@4.50 for superfine; $4.75@5 for extra; $5.25@6 for Northwest extra family; $5.50@6 for Penna and Ohio family, and $6.50@7.50 ₩ bbl for fancy brands.

GRAIN—There has been more inquiry for Wheat. About 35,000 bus of Penna, Western and Southern red sold at $1.35@1.38 for fair to good and $1.39@1.50 for prime, and 8000 bus of white at $1.45@1.50 for Western; $1.50@1.55 for Kentucky, and $1.60@1.65 for choice New York. Rye—About 3000 bus of Penna and Western sold at $1. Corn—70,000 bus of new yellow sold at 80@85c ₩ bus; 7000 bus old yellow at $1@1.02, and 5000 Western mixed at $1@1.02 ₩ bus. Oats—40,000 bus Western, Penna and Southern sold at 55@57c ₩ bus, the latter rate for choice bright.

PROVISIONS—The market continues dull. Sales of new Mess Pork at $30@31. Mess Beef may be quoted at $23.50 for City packed extra family. Beef Hams are quoted at $30@31 ₩ bbl. Smoked—Sales of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 16@21c; Excelsior Hams at 22c; Sides at 17@19c, and Shoulders at 12@13½c. Green Meats—Sales of 300 tcs pickled Hams at 16@16½c, and Shoulders, in salt, at 12c. Butter—Sales of good roll at 32@34c; very choice do at 35@36c; choice New York tub at 45@46c; Pennsylvania and Western and solid packed ranges from 15 to 25c. 500 Dressed Hogs sold at 12c ₩ lb. Cheese—Small sales at 18@18½. Eggs sell at 42@43c.

COTTON—100 bales of Middlings sold at 25@25½c ₩ lb for Uplands, and 26@26½c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

FRUIT—Green Apples sell at $3.50@5.50 for Western and N. York. Sales of dried Apples at 8@12c and Peaches at 8c for quarters, 9½@10½c for halves and 18@20c for pared. Cranberries sell at $15@15 ₩ bbl.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay, ₩ 100 lbs, $1.50@1.55; mixed do, $1.30@1.40; Straw, $1.30@1.40.

HOPS—Sales of New York at 20@30c and Wisconsin at 10@12c ₩ lb.

IRON—Sales of Pig Metal at $29 for No 1; $26 for Forge. Bar iron commands $68@68 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—Sales of 2500 bus Cloverseed at $8@8.25 for prime quality. Timothy commands $4.50. Flaxseed sells at $2.25@2.26 ₩ bus.

WOOL—Small sales, including fleece at 45@50c; tub at 52@55c; pulled at 40@45c, and unwashed at 31@32c.

### PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1400 head. The prices realized from 9½@10¾ cts ₩ lb. 100 Cows brought from $40 to 65 ₩ head. Sheep—10,000 head were disposed of at from 6@7¾c ₩ lb. 3500 Hogs sold at from $14.50 to 15.00 ₩ 100 lbs.

### Interesting to Ladies.

We are practical machinists; have made, and also repaired, all of the principal sewing machines now in use. We unhesitatingly pronounce Grover & Baker's the best, most simple and durable. The well-known Grover & Baker stitch we consider the best and most durable for sewing every known fabric for which a sewing machine is used.—*Signall & Clump, 56 North Jefferson St., Chicago.*

☞ A St. Louis paper, speaking of a family in New York, that made a fortune out of whiskey, says that they live on Twenty-third street, in a perfect *delirium tremens* of splendor.

*CRAMPTON'S IMPERIAL LAUNDRY SOAP* contains a large per centage of VEGETABLE OIL, is warranted fully equal to the best imported Castile Soap, and at the same time possesses all the washing and cleansing properties of the celebrated French and German laundry soaps. CRAMPTON BROS., 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 Rutgers-place, and 25 and 35 Jefferson St. Office 84 Front Street, New York. oct2-6m

☞ A young lady from a boarding-school having made some progress in acquiring Italian, addressed a few words to an organ grinder in her purest accent, but was astonished at receiving the following response: "I no speak Inglis."

**To Soldiers, Heirs and Others**—For collection of Pensions, Bounty, Pay, Prize Money, and all other claims. Address General Collection Agency, No. 125 South Seventh st., Philadelphia. ROBERT S. LEAGUE & Co., sep8-1y

☞ It will never be known how many human ailments are produced by eating the flesh of sickly animals.

**Just Out.**

"*CHERRY PECTORAL TROCHES,*"

For Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, and Bronchitis

None so good, none so pleasant, none cure so quick.

BRANDRETH & Co., 10 Astor House, New York.

Use no more of those horrible tasted nauseating "*Brown Cubeb Things.*" oct22-3m

☞ The local editor of a Columbus (Mississippi) paper, having recently got married, a cotemporary says:—"May his father-in-law die rich, and enable poor Stevens to retire from the printing business and set up a cake shop at a railway station."

**"A Slight Cold," Coughs.**—Few are aware of the importance of checking a cough or "SLIGHT COLD" in its first stage; that which in the beginning would yield to a mild remedy, if neglected, often attacks the lungs. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" give sure and almost instantaneous relief. "*The Troches*" have proved their efficacy by a test of many years, and have received testimonials from eminent men who have used them.

**Psychomancy,** Fascination, or Soul-charming. 400 pages; cloth. This wonderful book has full instructions to enable the reader to fascinate either sex, or any animal at will. Mesmerism, Spiritualism, and hundreds of other curious experiments. In one be obtained by sending address with postage, to T. W. EVANS & CO., 41 S. Eighth st., Philadelphia oct2-1y

☞ It will never be known how many human ailments are produced by eating the flesh of sickly animals.

TEST OF ILL-BREEDING.—There is no better test of ill-breeding than the practice of interrupting another in conversation by speaking or commencing a remark before another has fully closed. No well-bred person ever does, nor continues conversation long with one who does. The latter finds an interesting conversation abruptly waived, closed or declined by the former, without suspecting the cause. A well-bred person will not even interrupt one who is in all respects greatly inferior. It is often amusing to see persons priding themselves on the gentility of their manners, and putting forth all their efforts to appear to advantage in many other respects, so readily betray all in this respect.

### The Romance of Cure.

The many evidences of extraordinary cures, that are daily reported as effected through

*Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent,*

Ready Relief and Perfect Purgative Pills is written testimonials from all parts of the world, surpass in wonder the most extravagant miracles of enchantment. Physicians and medical men in all countries pronounce these wonderful remedies a *mystery*, that neither their science of analysis or chemical skill can explain. True, these medicines effect the most marvellous cures, and restore the dying to life, and relieve the most wretched pain suffering victim of his tortures, in from *one to twenty* minutes, and although they know some of the ingredients of their composition, and Doctor Radway has published their formula (withholding only two newly discovered roots,) still both French, German, English and American chemists and pharmaceutists *utterly, fail* with the same ingredients *as prepared by them.* The great success, which these wonderful remedies are constantly achieving, lies in the great secret of combining the ingredients together, after exercising due care in selecting the pure and genuine roots.

*Tumor of 12 Years' Growth Cured by Radway's Resolvent.*

BEVERLY, Mass., July 18, 1869.

DR. RADWAY: I have had Ovarian Tumor in the ovaries and bowels. All the doctors said "there was no help for it." I tried everything that was recommended, but nothing helped me. I saw your Resolvent, and thought I would try it, but had no faith in it, because I had *suffered for Twelve Years.* I took six bottles of the Resolvent, one box of Radway's Pills, and used two bottles of *your Ready Relief;* and there is not a sign of a tumor to be seen or felt, and I feel *better, smarter,* and happier than I have for 12 years. The worst tumor was in the left side of the bowels over the groin. I write this to you for the benefit of others. You can publish it if you choose. * * * * * * * *

HANNAH P. KNAPP.

*Radway's Ready Relief in Two Minutes*

gave ease and comfort *to a bed-ridden sufferer,* who for four weeks had been disabled, and for fourteen days under various physicians, receiving no benefit. Read the letter:

"CERTIFICATE!" "COPY!"

During four weeks I had been suffering most severely from most violent pains in the spine, loins, and head. During 14 days I had been utterly unable to attend to anything. After having had medical aid from various physicians, and applied remedies of every kind, without obtaining any relief, my attention happened to be called to *RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.* I ordered immediately some to be fetched, and two minutes after rubbing myself with the same, the pains in the head disappeared, and after several frictions with the Relief, the pains in the spine and loins disappeared the next day, so that I was enabled to attend to my work on the same day.

The astonishing rapidity of the action of this glorious remedy compels me to give publicity to this fact in behalf of suffering humanity. I consider it my duty toward my fellow-men, in order that persons suffering in a similar manner may avail themselves of that admirable remedy.

Dortmund, in Westphalia, Prussia 14th Aug., 1869.
(Signed.) HERMAN LIMBA of Germania, near Martin.
Witness: Heinor Numberger, in Dortmund.

Drs. Radway & Co. have never claimed one-hundredth part of the curative virtues for their remedies as is ascribed to them by the people who have used them; for bear in mind, only such diseases and complaints that Dr. Radway, after successful treatment with their remedies knew they would cure, were enumerated in their curative list, so that many of the extraordinary cases that have been reported awakened as much astonishment in the discovery of their remedial agents as in those who had been rescued from death, and made whole and sound.

Admit many persons discredited their extraordinary power, from the fact of their disappointment in the use of other advertised remedies—and some believed it impossible for simple medicines made only from vegetable substances—roots, herbs, &c.—should possess such marvellous power. Yet they can readily comprehend that these simple grasses of the field, after undergoing the chemical process of distillation designed by nature in the cow, furnishes us with butter—certainly the most abundant fat, caloric or heat-making—bone, tissue, muscle, sinew and blood-making constituents for the human body.

But when those people who first doubt the efficacy of these remedies commence their use, they became their most earnest advocates.

Consumption, Scrofula, White Swelling, Tumors in the Womb, Stomach, Ovaries, Bowels, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys that have been pronounced incurable, Cancers, Ulcers, Swellings, Stone in the Bladder, Calculous Concretions, Ulcers and Sores of the Bones, Rickets so deeply seated that no other medicines have ever been known to reach, have been cured by the *SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT,* aided by the *READY RELIEF* and *PILLS.*

*OVARIAN TUMOR CURED.*

Never has a medicine taken internally been known to have cured tumors either of the womb, uteri, ovaries, or bowels; the knife has been the sole reliance in the hands of experienced surgeons; but Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian settles this question. For it has cured over twenty persons of Ovarian Cysts and Tumors, as well as Tumors in the Bowels, Uterus, Womb, Liver, Dropsical Effusion, Ascites, and Calculus Concretions.

Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent is $1 per bottle, or $9 for half dozen; Ready Relief 50 cents; Pills 25 cents. Johnston, Holloway & Cowden, 602 Arch St., Philadelphia. Dr. Radway & Co., 87 Maiden Lane, New York city. jan1-1f

☞ John G. Walker, who had charge of the Chinese emigrants that passed through St. Louis, writes to the Republican of that city that there is little prospect at present of Chinamen supplanting negroes. He says the Chinese are suspicious in disposition, and cannot be retained except at the same wages as are paid to other laborers.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—When the strength and spirits are broken, every internal function disordered, the stomach torpid and relaxed, this wonderful medicine accomplishes its miracles, rescuing the sick from the shadow of impending death. Manufactory, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

### The Number Thirteen.

Mr. John Hatfield, who has just died in England at the age of one hundred and two, was a soldier in the time of William and Mary. He was tried and condemned to death for sleeping on his post, on the terrace of Windsor. He absolutely denied the charge, and solemnly declared that instead of sleeping on his post, he distinctly heard the clock of St. Paul's strike thirteen at midnight. The truth of this was much doubted by the court, because of the great distance of St. Paul's from the post where he was stationed. While under sentence of death, affidavit was made by several persons that the clock of St. Paul's did actually strike thirteen, instead of twelve, upon that night, which circumstance saved his life, and he was pardoned by his Majesty. This number thirteen, usually considered so unlucky, could not be called so in the case of John Hatfield.

### Let Common Sense Decide.

What is the rational mode of procedure in cases of general debility and nervous prostration? Does not reason tell us that judicious stimulation is required? To resort to violent purgation in such a case is as absurd as is would be to bleed a starving man. Yet it is done every day. Yes, this stupid and unphilosophical practice is continued in the teeth of the *great fact* that physical weakness, with all the nervous disturbance that accompany it, is more certainly and rapidly relieved by HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS than by any other medicine at present known. It is true that general debility is often attended with torpidity and irregularity of the bowels, and that this symptom must not be overlooked. But while the discharge of the waste matter of the system is expedited or regulated, its *vigor must be recruited.* The Bitters do both. They combine aperient and anti-bilious properties, with extraordinary tonic power. Even while removing obstructions from the bowels, they tone and invigorate those organs. Through the stomach, upon which the great vegetable specific acts directly, it gives a healthy and permanent impetus to every enfeebled function. Digestion is facilitated, the faltering circulation regulated, the blood reinforced with a new accession of the alimentary principle, the nerves braced, and all the dormant powers of the system roused into healthy action; not spasmodically, as would be the case if a mere stimulant were administered, but for a continuance. It is in this way that such extraordinary changes are wrought in the condition of the feeble, emaciated and nervous invalids by the use of this wonderful corrective, alterative and tonic. Let common sense decide between such a preparation and a prostrating cathartic supplemented by a poisonous astringent like strychnine or quinia. jun1 3t

☞ It has just been decided in a baggage case, at New York, that steamship companies are liable for the loss of passengers' baggage. The passenger had taken his valise into the state-room, and it was stolen from thence. The company argued that he had not placed the baggage in the place made ready for it, and that he had taken charge of it himself, and so relieved them of the responsibility. The court held that a passenger could not take charge of his baggage in such a way as to relieve the company while it was on the ship.

### To Owners of Horses.

Thousands of horses die yearly from colic. This need not be. *Dr. Tobias' Venetian Horse Liniment* will positively cure every case if given when first taken. The cost is only one dollar. Every owner of a horse should have a bottle in his stable, ready for use. It is warranted superior to anything else for the cure of cuts, wind galls, swellings, sore throat, sprains, bruises, old sores, &c. This Liniment is no new remedy. It has been used and approved of for 22 years by the first horsemen in the country. Given to an over-driven horse, it acts like magic. Orders are constantly received from the *racing stables of England* for it. The celebrated Hiram Woodruff, of trotting fame, used it for years. Col. Philo P. Bush, of the Jerome race course, has given a certificate which can be seen at the depot, stating that after years of trial, it is the best in the world. His address is Fordham, N. Y. No one once using it will ever be without it. It is put up in pint bottles. Sold by the druggists and saddlers throughout the United States. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York. jan1-5t

☞ If sheep are not more than six years old, their teeth will not so closely that kernels of grain will always get thoroughly masticated during the process of rumination. For this reason it will not pay to grind grain for sheep.

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☞ A lecturer in New York recently stated that all of the churches in that city, "piled into one heap, would not equal in size the present remains of the tower of Babel."

## MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 16th of Dec., by the Rev. A. G. McAuley, CHARLES H. FOX to JENNIE E. SHUBERT, both of this city.

On the 16th of Dec., by the Rev. J. T. Cooper, D. D., Mr. JOHN CLARK to Miss MARY J. W. PRICE, both of this city.

On the 20th of Dec., by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, JOHN W. HAHN to ANNA E. MCCONNELL, both of this city.

On the 24th of Dec., by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. FREDERICK ADAMS to Miss ELLA JAMES, both of this city.

On the 23d of Dec., by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. FREDERICK C. HENTZ to Miss LIZZIE K. KERWSON, both of this city.

On the 23d of Dec., by the Rev. William Cathcart, Mr. JOHN G. WEAVER to Miss GEORGIANA BARRY, both of this city.

## DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 26th of Dec., HENRY HANNE, in his 63d year.

On the 27th of Dec., HENRY W. WILLIAMSON, in his 77th year.

On the 21th of Dec., ANTHONY FRENZ, aged 51 years.

On the 27th of Dec., Capt. DANIEL BANCROFT, in his 65th year.

On the 26th of Dec., Mrs. CATHARINE HANNAN, in her 82d year.

On the 25th of Dec., JANE, wife of Geo. Knowles, in her 47th year.

On the 25th of Dec., Mr. JOHN H. PLATT, in his 34th year.

On the 28th of Dec., EDWARD BRADBURY, in his 70th year.

On the 24th of Dec., Miss KEZIAH HANNAH, in her 22d year.

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|---|---|
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| " 2.—From forehead over the head to neck. | " 2.—Over forehead as far as required. |
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We announce the following Novelets as already engaged for the present year:—

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When it is considered that the terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

We trust that those of our subscribers who design making up clubs, will be in the field as early as possible, and make large additions to their lists. Our prices to club subscribers are so low, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a first-class literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for calling the paper to their notice.

See TERMS under editorial head. Sample numbers (postage paid) are sent for 5 cents.

### Making Collections.

Many boys and girls take a fancy to make collections of something. Some collect postage stamps, others coins, and we have seen very large collections of buttons in which there were no two alike. The desire to make as large a collection as possible, without regard to anything else, we do not approve of; but it is very pleasing to see young people collecting specimens which shall teach them something. A collection of postage stamps made for the sake of getting the greatest possible number, is of no more use than so many pieces of newspaper; but if one will read about the country to which each stamp belongs, then something interesting and useful may come of this postage stamp mania. So with coins—collections of which, at least the foreign ones, very few young people are able to make. These can lead to historical studies. After all, we prefer much to see young folks take to collecting natural objects. Those of you who live in the country can find an abundance of things more interesting than postage stamps, or even coins. We once saw a large collection—we have forgotten how many specimens, of all the different kinds of beans—a dozen or so of each kind put in a neat little paper tray, and correctly named. A nice collection would be all the different kinds of wheat—indeed, we should much like to have such a collection ourselves. Then how interesting it would be to have specimens of the seeds of every kind of troublesome weed. The eye having become accustomed to the appearance of these seeds, would be able to detect them at once among seed grain, or other kinds of seeds. Another collection we would suggest to the older boys, is one of all the native woods of the farm, or the neighborhood; very few people know any but the larger kinds of wood. A collection with specimens to show the bark, the end of the wood and the grain would be something worth looking at.

Then there are the insects which are injurious to crops, which would make not only a useful but a really handsome collection, and would lead to a study and close observation of the habits of the insects. Of course, one will take a fancy to one thing and one to another, and in a family of several boys and girls, a museum may be formed which will be worth showing to others. Those who are old enough to study plants, minerals, insects, etc., will, of course, make collections of specimens to illustrate these studies. Our object was to suggest something that seemed to us better worth doing than accumulating postage-stamps or buttons.—*American Agriculturist.*

COMPLIMENTARY.—There was, some years ago, a trial for murder in Ireland, where the evidence was so palpably insufficient that the judge stopped the case, and directed the jury to return a verdict of not guilty. A well-known lawyer, who desired, however, to do something for the fee he had received for the defence, claimed the privilege of addressing the Court. "We'll hear you with pleasure, Mr. B.," said the judge; "but to prevent accidents, we'll first acquit the prisoner."

### WHEN MARY WAS A LASSIE.

The maple trees are tinged with red,
The birch with golden yellow;
And high above the orchard wall
Hang apples rich and mellow;
And that's the way, through yonder lane
That looks so still and grassy,—
The way I took one Sunday eve,
When Mary was a lassie.

You'd hardly think that patient face,
That looks so thin and faded,
Was once the very sweetest one
That ever bonnet shaded;
But when I went through yonder lane,
That looks so still and grassy,
Those eyes were bright, those cheeks were fair,
When Mary was a lassie.

But many a tender sorrow,
And many a patient care,
Have made those furrows on the face
That used to be so fair.
Four times to yonder churchyard,
Through the lane so still and grassy,
We've borne and laid away our dead,
Since Mary was a lassie.

And so you see I've grown to love
The wrinkles more than roses;
Earth's winter flowers are sweeter far
Than all spring's dewy posies;
They'll carry us through yonder lane
That looks so still and grassy,
Adown the lane I used to go
When Mary was a lassie.

# GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### MRS. GARSTON'S PURCHASE.

The streets were comparatively empty, comparatively cool; for the London great world had not yet come out to throng them, and the burning summer's sun had scarcely attained to its midday heat. Traversing the shining pavement, with the deliberate step of one who talks as he goes, was Thomas Kage; and by his side a young lady, whose gentle face and cool muslin dress were equally pleasant to look upon. Never saw man a nicer face than hers; for it was Millicent Canterbury's. Miss Canterbury and Lydia Dunn were on in advance.

Take it for all in all, the days of Mr. Kage were greatly occupied just now; on this, the day after Mrs. Dawkes's dinner, he would be very busy. Labor always accumulated when he prepared to depart on circuit; and for once in his life he had lately been striving to unite business with pleasure, for he went out a good deal with the Miss Canterburys.

Accident in the first instance led to his doing so. Dining one evening at Mrs. Dunn's soon after the Miss Canterburys came on their visit to her, Olive happened to remark, in answer to a question of whether they had seen some show-place, that they did not go about so much as they would, in consequence of having no gentleman to accompany them; Mr. Richard Dunn, who was always kind and polite, being very much in Wales at his mines just now, and only running up occasionally. Upon that, Mr. Kage offered himself as Richard Dunn's substitute, and was with them as much as leisure allowed.

The expedition this morning was nothing formidable; only the calling upon Mrs. Garston. That active lady, rebellious to fashion's habits, preferred to see visitors literally in the morning; after ten o'clock she was ready for any who might call. At Mrs. Dawkes's dinner-table the previous evening, Mr. Kage, hearing that the Miss Canterburys purposed going there, had made a half promise to come round and fetch them. He was living in his own home again, as a temporary arrangement. The friends who had tenanted it were gone, and Mr. Kage slept at home for safety. He had written to the landlord, saying he should resign it at the approaching expiration of the lease.

Absorbed in conversation, their steps lingered, and Olive and Mrs. Dunn were first at Mrs. Garston's gate. It did not surprise Thomas Kage to see the old lady with them, for she liked to pace her garden in fine weather. Leaning on her stick, her gray bonnet tilted a little forward on her head, she watched their approach with her keen eyes.

"So, Thomas Kage, you are taking holiday to-day!"

"Not whole holiday," was his answer, as he held out his hand to her. "I am going to my chambers by-and-by."

But the venerable lady did not respond to the movement. She despised the formality of hand-shaking, except when people met but rarely. Thomas Kage was used to her, and he thought the rejection meant no slight. Walking to a shady path, where two benches faced each other, Mrs. Garston seated herself, and they grouped themselves around her. It was within view of that tree where poor Belle Annesley had leaned her aching forehead the day she met Keziah Dawkes and her cruel words.

"What makes you so late?" was Mrs. Garston's first question to Miss Canterbury.

"Do you call it late?" replied Olive. "I thought it early."

"Why, it is not twelve o'clock yet," put in Mrs. Dunn. "I said to Olive, coming along, that you would take us for Vandals."

Mrs. Garston's stick struck the smooth hard gravel. The latter speaker was no more in favor with her than she ever had been.

"I've never taken *you* for much else, Lydia Dunn. You'd go in for fashion and frivolity yourself, if you were not so restless. I wonder you come here."

"But I like to see you now and then," laughingly answered Mrs. Dunn, taking the reproach in good humor.

"Then behave yourself when you come, and don't talk false nonsense about the day's being early when it's half gone. It is disrespectful to me, Lydia Dunn. I am old enough to be your grandmother, and with some years to spare."

"I wish we could bring our country habits with us to London, and find them welcome here," remarked Miss Canterbury with a smile. "We are earlier there than even you, Mrs. Garston. Chilling is but a primitive place."

"Earlier are you?" returned the venerable dame. "I am down to breakfast every morning at nine o'clock, Olive Canterbury, and often in my garden at ten. And so you were out at dinner last night?"

"Yes; we dined with Mrs. Dawkes."

"With her that was Caroline Kage, and next Caroline Canterbury, and then went and made a fool of herself by marrying Barby Dawkes," commented the old lady. "Well, they are not ill-suited to each other; heartless frivolities, both of 'm. *You* had an escape there, Thomas Kage."

The color flushed sharply into his face, even then, at the allusion; as was to all perfectly visible, standing there with his back against the tree-trunk. Mrs. Garston lifted her stick, but not in wrath.

"You needn't redden up so, Thomas. Many a man as good as you has had his eyes taken by a pretty girl—and his heart too. But you were too good for her; and I b'lieve heaven saw it, and spared you. Barby has got her; and she is too good for him. She'll find it out, too. Well, I didn't envy you your dinner last night."

"We did not envy ourselves," remarked Lydia Dunn. "It is never very pleasant to us to meet Caroline. The remembrance of certain wrongs recurs with more force at the sight of her."

"I don't mean for that," retorted Mrs. Garston, with a few violent knocks. "Nobody supposes it would be pleasant; but if you choose to go in for it, you bring the consequences on yourselves, whether they are pleasure or whether they are pain. I spoke of Mrs. Kage. *I* should not like to sit down to dinner, and have a skeleton at the same table with painted cheeks and rattling bones! 'Twould have upset my stomach."

Millicent burst out laughing, somewhat irreverently. Olive lifted her finger in reproof, and turned to Mrs. Garston.

"You have heard about the dinner, then?"

"I have heard all about it. Early as you may consider it, Mistress Lydia Dunn, Keziah Dawkes was here more than an hour ago. She happened to call at Barby's yesterday, and they asked her to stay dinner."

"I don't like Keziah Dawks at all," spoke Mrs. Dunn, with her usual blunt candor.

"You like her as well as I do, I'll lay," said Keziah's great-aunt. "She knows it too, and does not come here often—a'most never, but when she wants anything. There's some trouble up about the money she advanced for Barby before his marriage; the people are claiming some of the charges twice over, and Barby has managed to lose the papers. Daresay he never kept 'em. Keziah came here to ask if I remembered a certain date."

"Keziah Dawkes always gives me the idea of being a thoroughly good sister," interposed Thomas Kage.

"She's that. She has been to Barby one in a thousand. Keziah Dawkes would sacrifice all the world to him, herself included; but she is hard-natured in the main—ill-conditioned also. You should have heard her sneers this morning at Mrs. Kage. Why did they let a poor object like that dine at table?"

"I think Mr. Kage has the most cause to ask that," said Lydia Dunn. "He had all the trouble of her."

"Had he! Serve him right. He gives enough trouble to other folks."

Of course the aspersion caused Thomas Kage to look up. His old friend was glaring at him with no sweet expression.

"What have I done now, dear Mrs. Garston?"

"Now, suppose you put that question to yourself, Thomas Kage. Just think over your actions of the last day or two, and perhaps you mightn't need to ask it of other people."

"I really do not know what you mean," he resumed, after a pause.

"Have you wrote a notice to your landlord to quit your house, or have you not?" she asked, lifting her stick in his face.

"I have done that. I told you that I should do it, Mrs. Garston."

"But I didn't suppose you were in earnest," she angrily said. "I never thought you'd have the heart to give up the house that your mother died in; or the face to abandon me. I thought better of you, Thomas Kage. What's the matter with the house? Answer me that."

"Not anything. If I were at all likely to settle in life, I should like none better. For me, a single man, it is a great expense, and I feel that I should scarcely be justified in renewing the lease."

"And the leaving me counts for nothing, though I've been as good to you as a mother."

"But I shall not leave you, dear Mrs. Garston. I can be with you just as much as though I lived next door."

Mrs. Garston's head was nodding ominously—not after Mrs. Kage's helpless fashion, but in anger. Thomas Kage had expected some such explosion; but he wondered how she had got to hear of the notice so speedily, since it was sent only on the previous day.

"What are you thinking to do with your sticks and stones, pray?"

He did not answer for the moment, for the subject was rather a sore one. "Sticks and stones" that have been for years in our old homesteads can be parted from only with lively pain.

"Some of the furniture—it is not of much intrinsic value—I shall sell; and the articles that were prized by my mother must be warehoused," was his tardy answer. Anything but a satisfactory one to Mrs. Garston, who was bending forward to listen.

"Warehoused! You would warehouse the good old articles that were dear to your mother! I wonder what you'd call that, Thomas Kage? Sacrilege?"

"They shall be well taken care of, somehow," he murmured.

"And you'll sell the rest! Sell! D'ye suppose there's anything among 'em that might suit me?" she resumed in a pleasanter tone. "Let us step in and have a look. I'm going to rebuild my coachman's house, and shall want furniture for it."

She went marching off with her stick, taking Thomas Kage's arm when he held it out to her. The rest followed. Mr. Kage smiled at the sudden invasion of his premises, and hoped they would be found in order.

He need not have feared; for old Dorothy, in renewed health, was back again, and ruled over matters with a critical eye. Mrs. Garston, without the smallest ceremony, went from room to room till the whole house had been visited, making her comments aloud. All very disparaging comments, and tending to the point that it wanted "doing up."

"It is as I say—the place must be redone," she observed, coming to an anchor in the dining-room. "Just you get a pencil and paper, Thomas Kage, and jot down what the landlord will have to do before it's taken by a fresh tenant."

"But—it will not be any business of mine," dissented Mr. Kage.

"Now you do as I bid you," she arbitrarily rejoined. "I know that landlord too well; and so do you, Lydia Dunn, I expect, for he is yours. He'll give a single coat of paint and a dab o' varnish, and call a room done."

"I thought tenants had to put a house habitable at the expiration of a lease," interposed Miss Canterbury.

"That's as the lease may be worded," returned Mrs. Garston. "Ours is this way.—Now then, Thomas Kage, where's that pencil and paper?"

Putting the paper before him without so much as a smile, he sat down to write what she desired; he had grown to obey her almost implicitly. It must be waste of time, he knew; and tedious, he feared, to the Miss Canterburys.

The house was to be papered and painted throughout, and thoroughly renovated, all in the best style and manner; drains were to be looked to; a scullery, much wanted, should be built out at the back; the premises altogether made complete.

"Is that all?" asked Thomas Kage, looking up with a laugh as she came to an end.

"It's all I think of for the present," she answered. "How ever you and poor Lady Kage could have lived with this horrid red paper on the wall" (striking it with her stick), "I can't think. And your mother had good taste in general, Thomas."

"We did not like the paper because it lighted up so badly; but it is handsome of its kind."

"Handsome of its kind! You may say that of a dancing-bear. If I had a red-papered room in my house, I should whitewash it over. Give me the list."

As he handed it to her, she caught the look of smiling incredulity on his countenance. It a little annoyed her.

"I see; you deem this quite useless—waste of time, as you said just now."

"I am sure the landlord will never do so much, nor the half of it," he answered. "And in any case, dear Mrs. Garston, it cannot concern me."

"I'll answer for this much, Thomas Kage—that the landlord will do every item you've written down here. Whether it shall concern you or not—that is, whether you shall choose to step on in the house, or whether you go out of it—it shall be put into proper repair."

"You must have made it a condition with him, then, in renewing your own lease."

"Never you mind whether I have or haven't; don't you be so fond of contradicting me.—We will go back again now."

When they reached her garden, Mrs. Garston led the way indoors to her own dining-room. Its beautiful paper of white and gold was cheerful to see in the midday sun. She called their attention to it.

"This is the right sort of paper. I like large-looking rooms, and I like light ones; and you don't get either when the walls are red. This self-same pattern, if it can be got, shall be put into that parlor of yours, Thomas Kage."

"If you can get the landlord to do it," he answered, humoring her.

"The landlord happens to be myself."

The avowal took them by surprise. Mrs. Garston made it from her large chair, in which she had put herself; her gray bonnet was thrown back; her keen, gray eyes sought theirs; her stick, held in both hands, gently tapped the carpet before her. Never did a more self-asserting old lady sit for a portrait. But if some doubt appeared in Thomas Kage's face, he might be pardoned. She saw it; perhaps had been watching for it.

"You'd like to tell me to my face, that I am saying what is not true, Thomas Kage. What would your mother have said to such manners? *she* always trusted me. I have bought the house next door, and I have bought this. Now then!"

"I'm sure I am very glad to hear it," he murmured.

"I wished to buy them years ago; your mother knew that. But that landlord, scenting the wish, put such a price upon them that I'd not give it him. You have left me no resource now, Thomas Kage."

"I!"

"You. Don't you be insolent—staring at me as if I talked Dutch! Could I submit to the chance of having any kind of people next to me?—and you said in my ear months ago, you know, that you should give up the house when the lease ran out. A travelling circus might have come and took it, for all I could answer—the grounds are big. So I sent for the landlord and, said to him, 'Put on your own price;' which he did, and a nice price it was; but I paid it, and the property is mine."

"Dear me! that was going to work in a very costly manner," commented Mrs. Dunn, who never could refrain from interfering in other people's business.

Mrs. Garston rewarded her by a sharp reproof.

"It was my own affair, Lydia Dunn. If it had cost me ten times as much, I should have done it. Once my mind is set upon a thing, who is to say me nay?"

"But the waste of money?" persisted Lydia.

"Money! I've got enough of *that*—more than I know what to do with sometimes. And now—a last word with you, Thomas Kage. Ah, you little thought when you penned that fine notice yesterday, that it was coming to me. I wish you to remain on in the next house. I've bought it that you may; and whether you pay me rent, or whether you pay me none, is a matter of indifference to me. If I were to say I'd not receive any, your pride would rise up all cock-a-hoop; so I don't say it. But I beg you to understand this one thing—if my wishes go for naught and you quit the house, it will remain empty, for I shall never suffer any other tenant to enter it while I live."

As if to give effect to the assertion, Mrs. Garston brought her stick down with a thump so emphatic that Millicent Canterbury, standing by the chair's elbow, started backward. They rose to depart; the visit, including the time they spent in the other house, had been unconscionably long, as Lydia Dunn expressed it. Thomas Kage, feeling rather bewildered, prepared to attend them. In going down the garden he found himself pulled back by Mrs. Garston. The others were well on in advance.

"You made a mistake once in your life, Thomas," she said. "Are you thinking to remedy it?"

"What mistake, dear Mrs. Garston?"

"In falling in love with that Kage girl. You see how she served you. Many a one before you has thrown away the kernel for the shell."

He smiled a little. What kernel? what shell?

"She." And the stick was pointed at Millicent, who had turned round at the end of the path to wait. "If I can read countenances—and I used to do it—that girl is one of the best living. She'd make you happier than the other ever would; ay, though you had married that 'un in the heyday of love."

He flushed a very little, laughing lightly.

"Millicent Canterbury must be as a forbidden star to me, my dear old friend."

"And why must she?"

"She has ten thousand pounds. I have nothing; or next to nothing."

Never had Mrs. Garston been nearer going into a real passion than then. Her gray eyes flashed sparks on the speaker.

"Ten thousand pounds! and you nothing! Are you saying this to enrage me, Thomas Kage? It's false sophistry, every word of it. Though the girl, or any other girl, had ten times ten thousand, and you had but the coat and breeches you stood up in, you'd be more than her equal. A husband, such as you'll make, a good man as your mother trained you to be, is worth, to the woman who gets him, a king's ransom. Ten thousand pounds! ten thousand rubbish!"

Mortally offended, Mrs. Garston turned in and slammed the door in his face. He went forward with rather a conscious countenance.

"What is Mrs. Garston angry with you for?" asked Millicent.

"I said something that did not please her," he answered, glancing at the sweet eyes cast on him, with unsuspicious inquiry.

For some little time now he had esteemed Millicent Canterbury above everybody else in the world; not with that early passionate love that can touch man's heart but once, but with a far more lasting friendship. To what end? since, in spite of Mrs. Garston's anger, he did not look upon social problems exactly as she did.

"We must step out, Millicent. Your sisters have got on the length of the street."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Mrs. Smith's Cheese.

Mrs. Jones, being the newly-married wife of a well-to-do young farmer, took it into her pretty head one day that it would be well for her to learn to make cheese, and thereby astonish her Henry and the world.

Now the whole neighborhood, usually at sixes and sevens on half-a-dozen points, were fully agreed on one. They all "allowed" that Mrs. John Smith made the best cheese of any woman in the country. Therefore to Mrs. John Smith did Mrs. Jones determine to offer herself meekly for instruction in the magic art.

People keep early hours at a country farmhouse, and Mrs. Jones having no children to hinder her rapid steps from kitchen to pantry, and from pantry to bedroom, got her dinner out of the way, her dishes washed, and herself nicely dressed in a new pink gingham, set off by a coquettish ruffled white apron, before the great eight-day clock in the corner struck two. Down the hill and through the lawn she tripped, her gipsy hat swinging from her arm, to learn the mystery of making cheese from Mrs. John Smith.

She found that lady's house easily enough, because it was the only one visible for half a mile or more. And there was no mistaking the person of the lady herself, because she sat in the centre of a great clean-looking kitchen, with a cheese-press at the further end, and a basket of curd on the deal table by her side.

Mrs. Jones explained her errand, and sat reverently awaiting the reply.

"Want to make cheese, eh?" said the good old lady, cutting calmly away at her curd. "Well, it's a master job, I can tell you. My Hannah was just crazy to learn when she was about your age, and was going to be married. 'I should so like to make a cheese for Doremus, ma,' says she. Doremus was her husband. And she made one. And a pretty thing it was too; no more like a cheese than my head is. Doremus couldn't eat it, and my Hannah cried like a good one, great girl as she was."

"I suppose every one must learn, Mrs. Smith," said Mrs. Jones, blushing as she thought of "her Henry," and the cheese she hoped to make for him. "How do you begin? What do you do first?"

"O, law, child, you just take your tub and set it right in the middle of the floor like this. It's a good long job, I can tell you, and you'll be sick enough of it before you get through. The first cheese I ever made I thought my mother was just about the wickedest woman on the face of the earth, because she kept me right at it till it was done. I'd a great sight rather play than work in them days, just like any other gal."

"And what did she make you do first?" asked Mrs. Jones, thinking to get the needed information in the shape of a story, if in no other way.

"O, law, just as I told you. She made me bring out the great cheese tub, and set it right in the middle of the floor. And just as I had got it there, in come young John Smith—him that I married; and he had hurt his eye a chopping up in the woods to fix the fences, so the horses couldn't jump out of the pasture. His eye was all tied up in a handkercher, and he couldn't see much to speak on out of the other, for the first I know he walked right over the tub, and down he went—kerslam! I was scared half out of my wits, for I really thought he had broken his neck, but I had to laugh for all that, just as gals always will; and he was so mad that he picked himself up, and marched out of the house as straight as he could go. 'There,' says mother, 'you have lost him now, Mirandy!' And I really thought I had, for a week or more, when he never come nigh me. But he came round after all, and we were married; and a very happy life we have had of it, take it with one thing and another—"

"I'm glad to hear it," said Mrs. Jones. "What did you do when he fell over the tub? Was there anything in it? Had you put anything in?"

"Law, no! There hadn't been time, when he come in and fell over it kerslam."

"And after he had gone, what did you put into the tub?" persisted Mrs. Jones.

"Law me, that tub wan't good for much after John Smith fell over it kerslam! Mother was mad enough when she looked at it! If the hoops was started in one place, they was in fifty! She made John Smith get her a new one before he married me, and I made my first cheese in it after we came home from our wedding jaunt."

"And what did you put into the new tub the first thing?" asked Mrs. Jones, desperately.

"Well, you see, I took that tub and set it right out into the middle of the floor in my own house, and John he came in to help, and we were just like all boys and girls then, full of nonsense! And I give him a push,

and he gave me one, and I declare if he didn't go and fall right over the new tub kerslam! Mother she came in, and says she, 'Well, of all the born fools I ever *did* see, you and John are the biggest, Mirandy!' And sometimes I begin to think that mother was in the right."

Mrs. Jones began to think so too. She stayed chatting half an hour longer with her neighbor, but she asked no more questions, and to this day she has not the remotest idea how Mrs. John Smith makes her excellent cheese.

### MY SECRET.

Bend your heads, ye tall trees above;
Listen, oh listen, sweet flowers below—
He's mine forever—my love, my love!
My secret of secrets now you know.
Gayly rustle the leaves as I pass;
All the blossoms smile in the grass;
Carol the birds upon every bough:
"Happy," they all say—"happy art thou."

Dear little birds, throughout all the land,
Ye will tell this secret of mine ere long,
But none will be able to understand;
They will only say: "How sweet is the song!"
And the flowers will whisper my tale to-night
To the fairies that come in the clear moonlight;
And the leaves will murmur it soft and low
To the summer-winds that among them go.

Oh, birds, will you leave us when days are cold?
Will the flowers wither, the leaves grow sere?
Little brook, will the frost your wavelets hold?
Will the earth be sad as it was last year?
To the world shall winter come by-and-by;
But when leaves shall fall, and when flowers die,
And the woodland singers are over the sea,
This summer-time still in my heart shall be.

THE SHIPS OF THE DESERT.

The camel has been called the ship of the desert; for, as nothing but a ship can pass over the water, so no animal but the camel can sustain the heat and thirst of a long journey across the desert. Camels are provided with sacks or bags in their stomachs, in which they can store water sufficient for their need for two or three weeks. Travellers have been known, in great suffering from thirst, to kill their camels to obtain the little water that remained in the stomach.

The desert is not an entire waste of sand. Scattered over it at long intervals are green spots, where grass and date-trees cheer the eye of the traveller, and where, better still, he finds often a well of water. These wells are regarded as the most valuable possession, and are often the occasion now, as we read they were in ancient times, of violent quarrels among the Arab tribes.

## The Secret of Calverley Court.

### A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RUTH BAYNARD'S STORY."

### CHAPTER I.

GUESS-WORK.

"I hate a mystery, and I never understood a quarrel in my life." This enlightened sentiment and amiable disability was proclaimed by a very fascinating personage, usually known in our family as "Mrs. James;" she was the widow of my father's uncle, Mr. James Mackworth, a lady of about seven and forty years of age, and the mother of a son commonly called "the Manchester man."

The Mackworths of Calverley were an ancient family, and Calverley Court was a charming old place; but I had never seen Calverley—that was part of our mystery.

Old Gerard Mackworth, my Aunt James's father-in-law, had been left early a widower with three sons. The second had married, and he and his wife dying, their only child, who was my father, was taken to Calverley, and there brought up as the darling of the house.

The eldest son distinguished himself in his profession—the army—and married, when his father was seventy and himself forty-three, a very beautiful girl, who, as Lady Mackworth, gloried in her husband, and in the title he had won. The youngest brother, had also married, but he was childless. My father was sixteen years of age when his uncle, Sir Thomas, married. He had been brought up at the old house, surrounded by all the possibilities that existed of his being the heir; and so great was his grandfather's love for him, that if his eldest son's wife, had had no family, the old man, people were sure, would secretly have rejoiced. But Lady Mackworth could not accompany her husband to India because of the expected birth of an heir. Sir Thomas left her, in the house in London where the child was to be born, and where his father remained waiting for the event.

Then came a terrible day. It brought news of Sir Thomas's death; his wife gave birth to a girl, and her life was saved only, as it seemed, by a miracle; then, also on the same day, after the infant's birth, old Mr. Mackworth was knocked down by a cab, and killed in the street. Lady Mackworth knew nothing of the last event for many weeks; but people thought she was reconciled to the loss by the fact of the child she held in her arms being the heiress of the whole Mackworth property.

It was, however, whispered about that Mr. Mackworth had openly rejoiced in the new-born infant being a girl, and he had been hurrying to his lawyer to alter the will by which the property was left to Sir Thomas, and entailed on Sir Thomas's children, when he met with his death. He had been heard to say that Roger—my father—should still be his heir; and that he should leave the girl seven hundred a-year, which was quite enough for a woman. He had been in the greatest imaginable state of excitement from the moment of hearing of his son's death, and of Lady Mackworth's illness. He was extremely fond of Lady Mackworth; but as soon as the birth of a daughter, had been announced, he had congratulated himself openly; and he had started on foot avowedly to get to a cab-stand with the least delay, in order to give his lawyer immediate directions about his will. As it was, however, my father was left with a very small fortune, my Uncle James with but little more; and Lady Mackworth with her infant daughter, when to live at Calverley.

Many years had passed since that eventful time. My father had been a hard-working man for more than thirty years as an attorney in London. He had become a partner at last in a well-known house, and he had lived as a widower ever since a year after my birth. I was just twenty years of age at the period when this story begins. We had had for about ten years, a Mrs. Ellerby to keep house and look after me; but my beloved Aunt James, the second wife of my father's Uncle James, was the one who was consulted as to all arrangements relating to me; and I loved her, and her only child, Cousin John, "the Manchester man," as might be expected. Uncle James had mended his fortunes by marrying, for a second wife, this dearly-loved relative, the pleasant and accomplished daughter of a rich manufacturer. On her husband's death, Mrs. James, in possession at that time of a considerable fortune, had taken a fine London house; and there she lived, summer and winter, and was as good as a mother to me. John lived in Manchester; he was a busy, successful man, very pleasant, very fond of my father, whom he called "old Cousin Roger," as he had been taught to do in his infancy, and very kind to me. John was twenty-seven, and Aunt James was two years younger than my father, who was her nephew by marriage, when she avowed her abhorrence of mysteries, and that inability as to a quarrel, which I have already recorded.

But notwithstanding Aunt James, whose sweet sunny face ought to have dispelled all mysteries, a mystery there was, and a quarrel there might be; but neither of one nor the other did anybody—not even, for a wonder, the people most concerned—seem to know anything with certainty. Lady Mackworth, with Judith, who was now over thirty years of age, lived in good country style at Calverley; but we never went there. I had never seen the place, nor Judith, nor her mother. All I knew was that my father would not go. For several years Lady Mackworth had asked him always at Christmas, and civilly, but firmly, my father had always refused her invitations. Since I had come from school neither Lady Mackworth nor Judith had ever been in London. We knew that, before that time, my father had seen them every year when they came to town, and had been frequently staying at Calverley, and the precise date of the beginning of the existing estrangement was not known; its cause and its commencement was a part of the mystery.

Gradually, as I grew up, Mrs. James had ceased to go to Calverley. "Oh! I am not a Mackworth," she would say, "and I need not go to the Christmas gathering. If I went it would look like taking part against your father. I don't choose to do that, you, my dear Mary, being so dear to me: John is a Mackworth, and he can go to Calverley when he pleases; indeed, he does go there very often; but he says that in the last two years Judith has grown very odd. Oh, it was such a pity she did not marry Major Grey."

"Why did she give him up?" I asked.

"Part of the mystery; I sometimes think it was the beginning of it. Five years ago the day was fixed; and the marriage settlements were made in your father's office. The bride-cake was come, and the trousseau was made. Judith and Major Grey had gone out together to look at the carriage on which their arms were being painted; they were to come to me here and lunch. She came to me alone. She said she had given up the marriage. She never told any one why she had done this. "By no fault of Major Grey," was all she would say. Major Grey came to me. I sent for your father. But, my dear Mary, your father was like a stone, impenetrable. He refused to see Judith. He refused to call on Lady Mackworth when she sent for him. I always thought he knew something of which he would not speak. Lady Mackworth took her daughter to Calverley, and they have never been in London since. Lady Mackworth has asked him to Calverley again and again, but he has never seen them since that time, I am sure."

This was all that at twenty I knew of the mystery. I used to feel sometimes that when my father was overdone with the laborious life to which he had not been brought up, he felt the hardships of it more than formerly. Also I had adopted an idea that there was something about my father's conduct towards Lady Mackworth that good, honested-hearted Mrs. Ellerby did not like. She had latterly grown anxious when Christmas came, and vexed about my father refusing to go to the old home at that time; and when a Christmas passed without the usual letter, she actually shed tears. I had then asked her if she knew anything about this mystery, and she had answered, "Not enough to act, dear Mary. And then your father, like so many men who are so really tender-hearted and kind, is so very severe when he thinks that severity is required of him. There is no getting at him, he lives inside such a case of adamant as to this Calverley mystery." So the secret and the mystery went on; and no one was ever more curious than I was about Cousin Judith, and all that belonged to her.

I wish I could make everybody understand how charming "Mrs. James" was. We usually called her Mrs. James, for she was a bright, gentle, conciliating, forgiving sort of creature, who tempted one to take little loving liberties, and liked one the better for them. She was the happy medium as to height, being neither tall nor short. She had the lightest step and the fairest complexion ever known; and when she dressed herself in her pretty matronly way, she looked like one playing at growing old. Ugly people, who were also malicious, said that she painted, and her beautiful hair, with hardly a white line in it, looked as well as mine did, under the soft white lace in which she veiled it so daintily. There was always an exquisite freshness about Mrs. James; her garments were soft and flowing, there was never a rustle nor an angle about her; in summer the sight of her cooled one like a delicate zephyr, and in winter the look of her warm contrasts comforted one. But summer and winter her sweet eyes blessed me, and I read in her smile that I might tell her all I felt; in truth, she had been born to bless, and she was a blessing accordingly.

One December day, just as we were all thinking of the coming Christmas, and had begun to make our usual preparations—for my father, though he worked hard to keep his place in life, was a man of bountiful charities—I had a note from Mrs. James. She told me to come to her that evening. "I shall send for you," she wrote, "at six o'clock." I was truly sorry, because I was very busy; for, nowhere can Christmas be more thoroughly enjoyed than in London, among the hard-working gentlefolk, though they have to buy their holly, and may do without mistletoe altogether. However, I left the store-room, where, arrayed in spreading aprons, Mrs. Ellerby and I had begun in good time to weigh plums for many more Christmas puddings than our own household required, and began to dress for my evening with Mrs. James. She had directed me what to wear, and as I was to stay the night, she had added her choice of a dress for the morning. I always obeyed her in these matters, for that Mrs. James's taste was perfect was quite like an article of faith with us.

I stood before my father to be admired before I went. "How do you like me?"

"Very much, my darling," and he bowed with a touch of pretty ceremony as I drove away.

It was a blazing full moon. She was sailing along in the high-up heavens, and filling the streets with her brightness, as we turned corners, and came upon open places where the flood of her silver beams showed forth solemnly. A great winter moon in London is a beautiful thing, with a something belonging to it that is unknown elsewhere. There is the grand contrast between the calm above, where in her own great sea of light the majestic watcher holds on her way, and the current of life in the world below that affects one strangely. I felt it all very keenly. The Christmas was almost come; the holiday to the weary was very near at hand; the day of peace was to bless our hearts once more, and then came the thought of my beloved father, with the shadow of the mystery on his overwrought brow, and the desire that it might go rose in my heart like a prayer; and so feeling I stopped at Mrs. James's door, and in another moment I was talking to Gosset, the good old trusty woman-servant who had come down to take possession of me, and capture my small bag and the flat parcel that contained my velveteen gown for the next morning.

Aunt James's house had nothing oppressive about its beauty. You never felt the weight of its costliness. It was full of the atmosphere of welcome, and the only thing to be wondered at, in the midst of wonders, was the great stand full of monthly roses in the angle of the stairs, and there was nothing particularly overwhelming in that. Mrs. James sat at a table in the little drawing-room with a pretty puzzled expression upon her face that amused me at once. "Oh, such an odd thing, Mary," she began. "John has just come from Calverley. He came last night. He has spent the whole morning with me. He is one of the best men in the world!"

"Please to go on about Calverley," I said.

"Well; he brought me a note from Lady Mackworth. I will read it:—'I write to ask you once more to spend Christmas here. I would ask Roger and his daughter, but the mystery of his persevering coldness makes any more advances from me impossible. Judith, who might do something, has adopted many peculiarities of late years, and *she will not*. "I am not strong enough yet," has been her answer to me to-day. Has she anything to forgive Roger? My utter want of knowledge makes me powerless. Let me go to a pleasanter subject. I spoke to John as to his marrying, and was glad to hear that he thought of it. In his merry way he said we might call the lady Miss Jackson, but refused to tell us where Miss Jackson was. Judith told John how welcome you would be. You might bring Miss Jackson with you if you liked to do so'"—then Mrs. James looked at me with eyes brimful of amusement.

I felt thunderstruck. "'Miss Jackson!'" I exclaimed: "who is Miss Jackson?"

"That is the odd thing. There is no Miss Jackson," said Mrs. James. "John had no idea of his joke being taken so seriously until he read Lady Mackworth's note. Now, what *are* we to do?"

Just at that moment the door from the larger room opened: a man emerged from the shadowy grandeur and stood in the light of the merrily blazing fire by my side. "Mary," he said, "will *you* be Miss Jackson?"

My aunt rose up quickly. I saw sudden tears glittering like diamonds in her soft eyes. She glided away by another door, and then John said:

"Will you be my wife, Mary? I have loved you a long time."

I cannot tell how that evening passed—perhaps nobody cares about knowing; but before I went home on the following day, when my father very gladly consented to my engagement, it had been settled that I was to spend the Christmas with my aunt *somewhere;* certainly not in London: and John had written to Lady Mackworth saying that he and his mother were coming—*and Miss Jackson!*

I could hardly call myself a consenting party. John was full of fun, and very willful, too, on this matter; his arguments I *felt* to be not altogether ill-founded, yet I begged heartily to be allowed to tell my father.

"He can't let you go, if he is asked; *he can't*," said Aunt James.

"Lady Mackworth can't let you come, if she knows beforehand; *she can't*," said Cousin John.

In vain I asked *why?* I only got the same answer from both of them: "Your father, after his conduct to Lady Mackworth, could not let you go;" and, "Lady Mackworth, after your father's persistent refusals to go to Claverley, could not say more about your coming than she has said already."

Then John added what decided me:

"If the mystery is ever to be swept out of our lives, some sacrifice must be made. Let us get into the house, and let us then tell your father, and get him there if we can. Besides," argued John, "as my wife you *must* see Calverley; and our taking you now will just be like a Christmas joke—as good as a play. You must go, Mary; Calverley is the dearest old place in all the world."

### CHAPTER II.

AN OLD HOME.

"Well," said my father, putting us into the railway-carriage, "let me hear from you to-morrow, if possible, and tell me where you have made up your minds to go. This is an odd fancy of yours, Mrs. James, to spend your Christmas away from your own good home."

"No; not odd," she said, smiling. "I am determined to see Christmas again in the pure country, where the great trees are standing still, and the earth lies barren waiting for the spring. Why, Mary has never seen a Christmas out of London! Look back into your life, Roger; do you never thirst for a true old-fashioned country Christmas, such as every year brought to you once?"

"I would rather not look back," he said, with a chilling quietness. Then he gave me a loving smile, and said, "God bless you, Mary! Write to me as I said. Good-bye, darling!"

The railway whistle cut off further talk, and in an instant we were off, leaving my father with the smile on his fine face that I knew was my own peculiar property; and for a moment I gloried in my heart because he loved no one as he loved me.

We had left London early, and we had arranged to spend two days on our way to Calverley. It was not a cold day for the twentieth of December; there was rain falling in soft showers, sticking about the carriage-windows, and dimming the landscape. But we did not care for this discomfort; we had thorough enjoyment in our joke, and anticipations sufficiently vague to be entertaining. John was to manage everything, and pacify everybody. Christmas was to come laden with gifts and glad with rejoicing; and, above all, I was to see Calverley.

We enjoyed our stay in the hotel of a great cathedral city. We went about through a calm, clear, cold air, with John, seeing sights; and then, on the third day, after luncheon, started once more by rail for Calverley. When we reached the nearest station, we found that a carriage had been sent for us; and a huge bundle of cloaks and wrappers supplied for our accommodation gave me a pleasant sensation as to Lady Mackworth's kindness. We were soon wrapped up, feeling very glad of their warmth, and out of the little town we went into an open road, and then through lodge-gates we entered on a two-mile drive through wood, and by water, skirting a great deer park, passing close to a picturesque farm-house, and on into a gravelled road with a sloping bank of wood on the left, and a spreading lawn, dotted about with cedars and great evergreens on the right. I was speechless with admiration. The music of the merry echoing tread of the horses; the still, clear, cold air; the far-away blue quiet sky, and the trees!—the beautiful, wonderful trees!—giving me a sight unknown till then; for the soft rain of the evening before, and the frost of the night, had decked the whole landscape with silver trees; every twig gave forth crystal blossoms, and the great flat branches of the feathering cedars were bent down with their weight of loveliness. Not a breath stirred; I had never seen a hoar frost before, and I could have shed tears, so deep was my emotion at the grand, still sight that was before me. And this was Calverley! Immediately a thought crossed my mind of how much my father lost when Judith was born. But that could make no part of the mystery; for years, many years after that event, and for long after my birth, there had been no quarrel, no estrangement, no banishment from Calverley. I was thinking thus, when, suddenly in the calm, bright, frosty evening light, we came on a turn in the road, and a small church and its great yew-tree, with every green point tipped with silver—the fairest sight of all—met my gaze. I gave an exclamation of delight; and then the church bells rung out, at first faint and uncertain, but quickly with clear, even notes, resounding among the hills. The carriage passed beneath a great granite arched gateway, and we drove rapidly up to the house.

Suddenly the recollection that I was there under a feigned name chilled me to the heart. I looked my fears straight into Aunt James's face. She wrapped herself more closely in her soft scarlet cloak, and settled her hands in her muff, saying, "I hope no harm will come of this prank." But as soon as the door opened, all fear seemed over. Everybody was so glad to see John. Every servant, including an old housekeeper in spectacles, was so unaffectedly charmed to see Mrs. James. How well she looked! How like old times it was to see her again!—and this would be a Christmas worth having!

Thus, amidst such prophetic welcomes, we got through the hall, and up the staircase, where stiff figures of men and women watched us from their picture-frames on the walls, into the cedar parlor, where panels of the sweet-smelling wood, dividing long pictures of tapestry, lined the room. The fire was blazing, the candles were lighted, bright-colored tiles gleamed about the chimney, and a high mirror in a white and gold frame glistened from the mantle-shelf to the cornice; a gayer sight can scarcely be imagined, heightened as it was by the old-fashioned *chaise-longues*, and picturesque arm-chairs, all white and gold like the looking-glass, with crimson velvet covers.

I took one charmed admiring look round this "painted chamber," and then returned Lady Mackworth's greeting.

"This is Miss Jackson," she said.

"*My* Miss Jackson," said John, with emphasis, and a touch of merriment in his voice that might have told anybody, I think, that he was playing them a trick.

Lady Calverley, however, appeared not to notice his manner, she only looked steadily at me. "My dear," she said, "we are going to be friends, I think. But I must speak with Mrs. James now. There is Baines; go, my love, to your room with her." Thus dismissed, and gently urged by a touch from John's hand on my shoulder, I went towards the door.

Before I followed the woman-servant out of the room, I looked back, and I saw what made me stop for an instant in absolute terror.

This last glance had shown me a door in the very corner at the furthest end, partly in the shadow of a large Indian cabinet, and in that doorway, which was open, was a woman in a dark dress, looking at me. She seemed entirely to forget that I could see her. She was looking at *me*, and me only. In my life I had never seen such a face. It was not ugly, but it was ablaze with an incredible curiosity, and an eagerness which struck me as inhuman. Whoever she was, she stood there holding one of those twisted wax tapers which we all know, and of which the coil was in her hand and the end lighted, and flaring up into her face. The strong lights and shadows no doubt disfigured her; but the sight struck me immovable, and I looked up in John's face for help. "Go to my father's room; I will come there," he said. And so I moved away in a helpless sort of obedience, like one in a dream, yet hearing Baines say that my room was next to Mrs. James's, and that there was a door of communication; and that Gosset would sleep in the little tower-room close by. I made no answer; luckily there was no need of any; for in an instant I was left with Gosset by her mistress's fire; and, feeling in a

strange wonder-world, at present inhabited by one dreadful woman's face, I sat down on the sofa and looked around.

It was a handsome room, with a low, long mullioned window, filled with diamond-paned glass, across half of which a heavy green cloth curtain was drawn, and the wintry heavens gleamed through the other. There were long, narrow, blue-looking mirrors, in white painted frames, in the room, and I looked of a most ghastly complexion as I saw myself reflected in them. A nervous terror made me shudder—a distressing sense of being in the wrong place, and doing the wrong thing, overcame me. One thought after another chased through my brain, and I was overwhelmed with sudden misery. This was the place from which my father had gone in his youth to work for his bread in London—this was the home which, for years, he had refused to visit, and to which he had steadily refused to let me come. How did I dare to be there without his leave? What had I done?

I was more frightened and miserable than I can tell. And Gosset's shadow flitted on the wall, and in and out of those ghostly mirrors; and the glass in the great massive window reflected the fire at play, looking cheerful in spite of my subdued, humiliated, repentant self, and making flashing red and yellow darts, as if it mocked me. There I sat, speechless and appalled, while Gosset, astounded into silence by the magnificence of the old Mackworth home, laid out a velvet dress for my aunt, and a gay green silk for me.

But I could not recover myself. The thought of the deceit under which I had got entrance there mortified me; the feigned name became a horror; and the wonder as to what my dearly-loved father might say was just the one thing more than I could bear; then the door opened, and in came John and Mrs. James. I threw myself into her arms in an agony of distress.

"Hush hush!" How she soothed me! "Lady Mackworth has been told," she whispered.

Very prudently Gosset disappeared, carrying my gown into the inner room.

"We told her that we *could not* ask your father. John did it so well." I looked at him through my tears, and forgave him, of course, upon the spot. "He said he had taken advantage of her mistaking his play for earnest, and as she had said his wife that was to be might come, he had made his proposals immediately, and brought you. Then he asked her plainly what was the nature of the old estrangement between her and your father. John said that he had a right to know, and that you had a right to share his knowledge. And what do you think she said?" I looked up eagerly. "She declared, and, speaking of this solemn time, she took heaven to witness, that she did not know. That she had written asking him to tell her; Christmas after Christmas she had written asking him to come to the house where he had lived so long, where so many survived who loved him still; but he had always, in the fewest words, refused. Christmas after Christmas she had written again to ask what it was that had changed him, but never but once—the last time—had he answered her entreaty. Then he had written these words, 'I can never come to Calverley, till—' then he left a long blank, of which she could not guess the meaning, then followed these few words more. 'I believe that I am incapable of injuring a woman. I cannot even contemplate the possibility at this Christmas time.'"

We looked at each other in a dumb bewilderment. At last John spoke, "Mary, how much do you know of your father's life in your childhood?"

"Nothing," I said; "except that he has lived in the same house, and been the best of men."

"Yes, we all know that," he said; "and nobody can doubt it. But, Mary, when did Mrs. Ellerby come to live with you?" I told him. "Did your father know her before?"

"He knew her husband," I said. "He was a surgeon; and I think my father was with him when he died. Why do you ask?" I inquired.

"Because Mrs. Ellerby knows something, I fancy."

"Yes," I said, "she knows of Lady Mackworth's invitations, and she speaks of Cousin Judith sometimes. But then she is fond of us, and a partizan, and wishes Cousin Judith had never been born!" John laughed, and said he must go to make himself fit to be seen, and so he left Aunt James and me together.

It had been arranged that our first meal at old Calverley should be a sociable tea; so when we were ready we went again to the cedar parlor—we were joined by John just outside the door, who looked me over with a pleasant scrutiny.

"I hope there are no pins out of place," he said; "Judith would discover the fact of a single hair being awry; she has been awfully soured, somehow; but don't be discouraged, Mary."

What a sudden comfort came in the fact of my old cousin not being there when we entered the room; for "over thirty" is an age of considerable antiquity to under twenty-one; an age to be feared, and criticised, and occasionally even taken offence at, if it arrays itself in pink, for instance, or indulges in any excursions into those regions of sweet simplicity where people wear white muslin and real flowers in their hair. When the door was opened, and I had had time to look around me, there was no Cousin Judith, and my spirit felt free again, and my quaking heart rejoiced.

One other glance I gave at the door in the corner. But a thick heavy *portiere* had been drawn before it, and a long table loaded with cold eatables, with a brilliant lamp in the centre, stood in front of that; so I was safe and comforted.

"This is *my* Miss Jackson!" exclaimed John now, in a tone of fancy triumph, the explanation having been made.

Lady Mackworth said, "In that, or in any other character, you are welcome; but most of all in your own." Then she kissed me, and I looked at her kind face, which was a sad one too, and felt that I *must* love her in spite of the mystery, and whatever the quarrel might be.

## CHAPTER III.

### A REVELATION.

The room in which we stood on this evening of the twenty-third of December, cheerfully bright, and glowing with welcome, made one feel immediately at home. This sensation, always indescribably delightful, belongs to the winter, and the winter only; and specially and undoubtedly to Christmas, in virtue of a hundred associations. Summer has no such gift as this with which winter is so happily endowed. The sun may tempt one out under the blue sky; it opens doors and windows, brings people together on lawns, and among the woods and fields, and perhaps takes them into the shadowy groves under pretence of closer companionship; but idle rest—a sort of enjoyable languor, a contemplation of the fullness of the earth—a feeling that in such an atmosphere one could live anywhere, get peace under the shelter of any rock, and rest, leaning lazily on any garden bench—these are summer sensations, utterly destructive of that delicious sense of home and comfort with which the welcome of a good house, properly conducted, blesses you in the winter time. All this was felt to perfection at Calverley. The sight of the plentifully-spread table, the fragrance of coffee and tea, the sufficiency of light, the agreeable glow on all that surrounded us, and the enjoyable warmth of the atmosphere made one wish to be confidential; quarrels were an impossibility in the world of that cedar parlor; and as for secrets, who could keep them in the quiet kindness of that genial welcome? When Lady Mackworth kissed me and said, "I wish your father was here," I wished it too, with all my heart; for I felt that not anything could be more likely to melt away all stiffness from his heart than the glow of that house, in the Christmas kindness that had begun to gleam upon us.

"Where is Judith?" asked John. And then I began to remember that there was an unexplained mystery which we were there to discover, and again I wondered if the face I had seen in the door-way was our cousin's.

"Judith will not appear to-night," said Lady Mackworth. "She is tired. She has helped to give away our dole to-day. It is an old custom, my love," she said, turning to me. "It lasts from ten in the morning to four in the afternoon. Beer, beef, and bread, and to some who have been born and who have lived on the property, money. To-morrow, being Christmas Eve, the clothing and blankets are given away; Judith wishes to give that also with her own hands; and this year she adds to the usual gifts a piece of gold—ten shillings to every child born since Christmas last. I am glad; for she has shrunk for several years from all exertion—she lives like one in a sad dream."

Lady Mackworth's face grew hard as she said this. I looked at her attentively. She had still considerable remains of the beauty of girlhood in her straight features and fair skin, but she looked singularly hard in the outlines of her features, and in the quick-coming little frown that contracted her face as she spoke of Judith. She was small and thin, and dressed in rich soft-flowing black silk. Her hair was as white as snow, and over her cap was thrown a little black veil of exquisitely fine lace. She was perfectly upright, stiff in the back, and small in the waist; and when she spoke of Judith living like one in a sad dream, the white eyebrows contracted, and her brown eyes were fastened on me with an odd, questioning glance in them.

I cannot now imagine how I dared to be so bold, but I said in answer to that look, "Has Judith's state of mind or health anything to do with my father, Lady Mackworth?"

She answered by another question, "Does Roger never speak of her?"

"Never," I said; "and such a strange silence towards both her and you cannot but have made me wonder."

"Yes," she answered, "there is an eloquence in silence even greater than in speech." And in so saying she led the way to the tea-table.

We were all silent. But after a minute or two she went on, "I have no idea of what your father's feelings may be. I only know, as I suppose we all know, that he once loved Judith very much."

I dropped my tea-spoon in astonishment.

"Judith!" exclaimed Mrs. James, in the soft tones of a breathless surprise. And John came back from the side table, where he had been carving a venison pasty, with the knife and fork in his hand, and stood by his aunt's side. His whole face was lighted up by an amused astonishment. "We are the children of amazement," he said. "Don't take our appetites away, but tell us the whole after tea."

Lady Mackworth gave him one of those loving glances which are the rewards of spoilt children; and we began to eat, John keeping up some lively talk about the interviews he had been having with some of the old people on the estate, who always treated him as if he were still a boy, and so getting over the meal-time pleasantly.

I certainly longed for it to be over. My mind was full of my father. What should I feel when I knew his history better? I could scarcely pay any attention to John's merry talk, I was so occupied with more serious things. My father had always been one of my heroes. The story of his boyhood, and his hard-worked manhood, I knew very well. I knew the hard side of the picture, and something I knew of the short, sad story of his two years of wedded life; but I knew nothing of the other side—of new worlds of love and hope, I knew nothing; of the possible return to Calverley with a fond wife, and as its master, I had never guessed.

Of late years he had grown pale and thin, and he looked worn and weary very often; but I had never thought of anything weighing on his increasing years beyond the daily toil of the bread-winner, which he would never leave off. And then I began to recall his face and form; and I knew that, notwithstanding the often weary footstep, and the spiritless eye, he was one of the handsomest men that human sight ever rested on; so thinking, I followed Lady Mackworth's eye.

"Look at that picture at the end of the room—the one on the left," she said; "who is it?"

It was the portrait of a youth of fifteen, perhaps, standing with his hand on a greyhound's neck. It was my father, as a boy, before his uncle married, when he was looked on as the heir of Calverley. I got up quickly, and went to look at it. The bell was rung, and we all stood talking of this really beautiful portrait as the things were removed from the tea-table. On the door being shut Lady Mackworth turned towards the fire, where easy chairs and sofas invited us, and sitting down she said, as she handed my aunt a fire-screen, "I was glad when I thought that, by a marriage with Judith, he would come into his own again; I was very fond of him, and very glad."

"When was it?" said Aunt James; before or after her engagement to Major Grey?"

"Oh, before—long before; but I will tell you. She turned a little towards John and me, and went on—

"When you were five or six years old, Mary, and when Judith was seventeen, she was desperately in love with your father. I did not wonder at it. He was only thirty-five, and just the kind of character in which a girl like Judith would be sure to delight. He was superbly handsome, too; greatly thought of, and admired also; that kind of thing is very attractive to a girl just old enough to feel that she has a right to the attentions of the world in which she lives. It was charming to see how condescending Judith was to the really young men of our neighborhood; how thoroughly she was appreciating your father's formed character and matured perfections. It made me very happy. Judith's character was one to be best perfected by a man who was older than herself; and I knew your father's excellence. I can scarcely tell you how the courtship was conducted. It prospered. His rights here and his relationship prevented its being talked about. He had spoken to me. I knew Judith's mind, and I should have been well pleased by an immediate marriage. But Roger *would have secrecy*. That was the beginning of woe. He thought too little of himself, and far too much of all that a marriage with Judith would give him. He was not sufficiently confident. He wished her to see other men—the world—London. He would only have her on his own terms; yet all was for *her* sake, that *she* might never repent, that *she* might never make him regret that he had listened to the tender flattery which, he said, surrounded him in this place. Thus he kept things dawdling on till Judith was twenty-one. Even then he would not speak of marriage. We were in London, and that year he spent a few weeks in the autumn with us here. Then, when he went away, I knew that Judith was extremely disappointed that he could not trust her yet. Nevertheless, before going, he had spoken to me with more of a lover's ardor than he had ever shown before. But the spring came, and we were again in London. Judith had many admirers. Your father was much with us, but he gave place to others. He thought his hour of triumph was come; that Judith, having the power to marry many, would now choose only him. Then, one sad day, tired of being tried, she told me she had accepted Major Grey. I was miserable. I thought my heart would break; but Roger's conduct now was very extraordinary. To me he would show all his distress, shedding even passionate tears in his wretchedness; but to her, to Judith, he was the elderly, kind, almost parental friend; and during the one year which the engagement lasted he made Judith mistress of every detail as to the property, helped finally to fix the wedding-day, and took the preparation of the settlements upon himself."

"How good of my father!" I exclaimed; "how like his wonderful unselfish character! How noble!"

"It was nobility run mad, my dear girl," said Lady Mackworth. "Honest love should be honest spoken. And that continued weighing of earthly possessions against the pure love of a woman's heart is but a narrow-minded thing, and should be called selfishness as often as nobility. If Judith had not been rich and the mistress of Calverley he would never have tried her so cruelly. I thought Roger wrong, and I told him so. But there was nothing to say against Major Grey, so the day was fixed. You know the rest, I suppose. She came home to me one morning in London—she said she had given him up. She has never been the same woman since; and no entreaties from me has ever brought your father to my side from that hour to this. But there is a mystery somewhere. It is not only disappointed love. He now, I fear, dislikes Judith, and I believe he disapproves of me. His notes have had strange hints in them of something that might be done. It is the greatest of perplexities. *I know nothing.* I cannot even guess at what they mean—for Judith, too, has her mystery. Only the other day she said to me, 'He will come again one day; but I am not strong enough yet.' I said, 'Does it depend on you?' She only answered, '*I was born to a curse.*' What am I to do?"

It was impossible not to pity Lady Mackworth; but we could not help her. Judith was turned thirty, and, as we knew through John, whose visits to Calverley had been frequent, of a singularly silent disposition; leading her own life, full of charitable plans, never consulting anybody, and only bargaining that Lady Mackworth should make herself the mistress of the place, and leave her to follow her own way.

All this, by little and little, was that evening confessed to by her mother with a thousand tender excuses, so that we grew into sudden friendship, touched by the charity that sweetened all her sorrows, and by the hope that she often expressed that our coming would produce some good. So, imperceptibly, the hours were away till it was time to go to bed.

## CHAPTER IV.

### A VOICE IN THE NIGHT.

We all left the room together; but, just as we were outside the door, Lady Mackworth called back Mrs. James, and John and I were left alone. He, knowing the house well, led me aside just out of the passage into a deep recess having a window, which helped to light that part of the house, and being fitted up with a table and two long sofas placed opposite to each other against the wall on each side as we entered. A lamp from the ceiling was shedding down a strong light, and we saw the tall figure of a woman looking from the window, which was uncurtained, out into the night. When she heard our footsteps, she turned round—

"Why do you stop?" she said; "it is you, John, is it not?"

"Yes, Judith, and here is Mary," he answered.

She advanced a step or two, and then stood still looking at me, as I, indeed, also looked at her. She was dressed in a shaggy dark-brown garment, which covered her to the feet, and she held a black straw hat in her hand.

"Don't come too near; I am wet," she said; and then I observed that the long black feather was dripping on to the oak floor, and that the moisture stood visibly on her rough cloak. Before we could answer she had begun to speak again. "So this is Mary? What a pretty child it is!" And then she fixed her eyes upon me with a strange, sad, yet almost loving look, which contrasted greatly with the expression I had seen before, for now I know that it was truly this same woman who had followed me with wild, curious eyes from the open doorway. But I had heard her story since, and I thought that the first curiosity, and now the sad welcome, were both in some degree explained.

"It is a thaw," she went on, looking at John. "Hark?" And so, listening, we heard the droppings from the silver trees falling with steady, ceaseless sounds on the stones outside.

"Have you been out?" he asked.

"Yes; hours ago Dame Margery sent for me. She nursed me when I was an infant, you know. I found her ill in the hospital in London once; do you remember?"

"Oh, yes; I know her. You brought her here. I know her very well," said John. "Is she ill?"

"She is very ill. I promised to see her again. I only came back for something she wanted. I must go now." Then she again went to the window and looked out, as if unwilling to go, and such a weary face as she showed, I shall never forget. Poor Judith! She was taller than women in general, with a strong face, and an extraordinary quantity of dark-brown hair, which glittered with a yellowish hue upon it in the strong light of the lamp that burned above it. I thought how handsome she would be if her face had not lost something. She put her hand to her head with a gesture of fatigue, as if mind as well as body was quite worn out, and then again she looked at me.

The dreadful vacancy that even disfigured her face quite shocked me. It was like the face of one who had lost her way. It so affected me, that I said, "Oh, don't go; or let John go with you." It seemed something dreadful for this forlorn woman to go forth alone into the dripping night. "You are surely not thinking of going alone?" I said.

She smiled.

"It is not far. There, just beyond those great cedars. I walk across the turf. It is not going there. It is not being alone. It is *not knowing what to do*," she said. "Mary," she went on, "once I longed so much to see you; once I loved you very much—there; don't come near me, child, with your pretty dress—I am dripping wet. But you bring back the old days when I was no older than you are. But you and John believe in each other. And so, John, you had to play us a trick before you could show your promised wife;" and she gave a low laugh, which was very sweet.

"Oh, don't speak of that," I said, blushing. "Since I have been in this house I have been miserable about it. I don't now know what my father will say, but John must manage it."

I stopped, for I felt the awkwardness of having mentioned my father to Judith. She, however, did not seem to feel it.

"Is your father very strict?" she asked.

"He is honorable, and he would dislike using a wrong name even in a joke."

"Yet John got you into Calverley with his ingenious adoption of my mother's mistake; and you may tell your father that I was very glad to see you." Then again she said, in a dreary tone, "But I must go now."

"Come, Mary," said John, cheerfully, "it won't take a minute. It is only eleven o'clock. Go and change that gown for your travelling-dress; there are plenty of waterproofs. See, the moon is bright, and we will all three go to Dame Margery if Judith *must* go."

"I must," she whispered, with her eyes on me, as if wondering what I should do. Of course I had instantly decided to obey John.

"I will be back in five minutes," I exclaimed; and so ran off to my room.

I think that I could not have been more than ten minutes putting on my black serge and buttoning my waterproof cloak about me. My strongest boots, my thickest veil wrapped round my face and hat, a fur collar fastened close; and so equipped for a moonlight walk this Christmas night, I left my room, and found John waiting where, on a table in a corner, stood the chamber candlesticks and a lamp burning.

"Come this way," he said; and then I followed him down a turret staircase into a hall where armor hung on the walls, and the great antlers of some aged stags stretched out their jagged lengths above the dark, bright-polished doors. At any other moment I must have stopped to gaze and gossip; but now, on John's arm, I was pulled along, and we soon stood together beyond the house on the wide gravel by our Cousin Judith's side. She never spoke, but walked on quickly though a dense grove of trees, where from the branches fell slowly upon us great drops from the thawing icicles that had made the world look so strangely bright a few hours before.

When we got out of the shadow we were on the short, hard turf, with the moon throwing our shadows in giant lengths before us. Still Judith never spoke. But at last, after nearly a quarter of an hour of quick walking, she stopped and looked at me.

"It is in the first of those cottages that Dame Margery lives. You enter them on this side; at the back is a road leading through the deer park to the town at which the carriage met you. Mary, she is very ill—she thinks herself dying, or I should not have come here to see her again to-night. Are you afraid?" I said that I had no fear. "Now, John," she said, "stand within the door, and do not let her see you. Her bed is curtained off. The woman she lives with, and who may be sitting up, is deaf: and the girl is at the house waiting for my return, and for the chance of my having anything to send back. I will tell all on what you may hear. What I have for years been wondering over, asking myself if I ought to utter it, seeking some one to say it too, she may say, perhaps, and you may hear. And then, John, out for me, and—and Heaven bless you this Christmas time!"

She never stopped for an answer, but pushing the cottage-door open, walked straight into the house. A dark, thick curtain was hung half across the room; and as she put it aside I saw by the bright fire-light, that a low bed had been placed close to the window, on which an aged woman was lying with her face turned towards us. Her eyes were shut, and for a moment I really believed that she was dead. I was going to rush forward to a woman who was half asleep by the fire, when Dame Margery opened her eyes and fixed them on Judith. She tried to speak and to thank her for coming again, but her words were scarcely articulate. The deaf woman roused herself, and stood up respectfully; and Judith, in a steady, soft undertone, said,

"Tell me again, now, as you lie within a short time of the hour of death, what you have already told me many times. As God shall judge you, tell me all you know."

"I can only say the same again," she said. "God can make all things right. But you are not Lady Mackworth's child. I saw her child dead; and who you are I do not know."

Then John went forward, and said,

"You know me, Dame. I came to hear this that you have said. I have written it down as your dying statement—Judith is not the infant that Lady Mackworth bore in London—her only child."

"That child died," she said, with energy. "I had fifty pounds to see to its burial." Then she gave one deep sigh, and murmured some pious words which died away from her lips unfinished, for the end had come. The deaf woman in charge was by our side now. She took it very quietly, saying that old Margery had lasted longer than she had expected, and that she had felt sure she would never see another Christmas.

"I will send in Mrs. Jenkins," said Judith, slowly wiping the tears from her eyes. So we left the cottage.

John helped me up from where I had knelt down—for I could not see those last moments standing—and he said, "Keep with Judith. I shall go to your father directly."

His words startled me—go to my father directly—sent, as it were, by that voice in the night. I was speechless as I looked into his face.

Judith returned, and Mrs. Jenkins with her, who went into the cottage and left us there standing in the moon-light, which was now as bright almost as day.

"I can walk to the station, and be ready for the train to London which leaves there in an hour. I am going straight to our Cousin Roger, Judith: he must know this immediately," said John.

"And tell him," said Judith, "that I first heard this from Dame Margery, to whom I went to carry fruit and flowers in the hospital he knows of, the very day I broke off my marriage with Major Grey—*that was my reason for breaking it off.* But she could never tell me more than she said to-night. A surgeon, whom I have never found, knew more, she said. And I did not tell Roger at once, because it was hard to believe she spoke truly; it was harder still to believe evil of one I have loved as my mother for so many years. Ah," she went on, "it is her loss that rends me—that she should have done that awful thing—that the marriage by which she wished to repair her sin should have failed. Tell Roger that it is not my own loss in this dear place that troubles me, it is the loss of more than a mother—the knowledge of her crime that has driven me to despair sometimes. Except on her death-bed I could never have perfectly believed old Margery. Tell Roger I believe her now. Yet it is not *I* who can accuse Lady Mackworth. I love her so—worse than an orphan though I am!"

She turned away towards the house, and John, giving my hand one loving grasp, and looking a thousand kind promises into my face, sprang over a low gate that led from the cottage-garden into the road, and was gone. I went quickly to Judith's side and walked away with her. We neither of us spoke till we reached the house. Two men-servants were standing within the door, and as we passed through she said, "Mr. Mackworth is gone to London. He has walked to the station. Good-night."

We went up-stairs together, and she stopped at my room-door; I felt that I could not leave her. "Let me come with you," I said; "I only want to see Aunt James first." She smiled, and put her candle down on the table as if she were willing to wait. I found my aunt sitting up, looking bright and beautiful as was her way.

"Oh, you runaway," she said, "where have you been?"

"I am here now, just come back!" I said.

"Then go to bed and get to sleep quickly." So I kissed her, and got back to Judith. Her room was not far off, and we sent Baines away, who was waiting there.

The aspect of the apartment was more that of a sitting-room than a bed-room. It was full of books and pictures, having a little canopied bed in one corner with gay rose-colored satin furniture, looped back with gold-colored cord. A large arm-chair and a comfortable sofa occupied opposite sides of the blazing fire; and the room, which was not large, felt and looked like a place where the maiden mistress of an old home like ours might muse away a good portion of her life. Yet Judith's musings had not been of any enviable sort, and the strong attraction I felt to her was made up of pity for the past, wonder in the present, and, as to the future, of an indefinable fear. We sat brooding over the fire. We scarcely spoke. The clock ticked off the minutes, and told out the hours as they passed away. Judith took my hand, and fondled it sometimes, always looking then into my face with strange speculative eyes, as if she were wondering over how things might have been, and how our relations to each other might have differed. Then I would smile till she smiled again—but we seldom spoke through those hours we stayed together in the friendly warmth till the clock struck four; then she said, "He has seen your father. I think he would go there straight. I think he would rouse them even from their beds."

"I know he would," I answered.

"Then I can rest. It is all out of my hands now," she said.

So I got up and left her; I reached my own room with soft footsteps and went to bed. In the morning—it was Christmas Eve—I went to her again. She was in a deep, heavy sleep. Lady Mackworth stood by her bedside.

"She spoke to me," said Lady Mackworth, holding up a small bottle, labelled "laudanum." "She told me she had had to take this. She has often had to do so lately." I suppose that I looked frightened, for she added, "Under medical advice, my love." Then she went on. "She wishes you to give the dole to-day for her. Do not refuse, dear child. You, as John's wife, will reign here one day."

I interrupted her. "*No*, Lady Mackworth!"

"Well, never mind," she said, impatiently; "I have lost hope."

"For Judith I will do anything," I said, "only stand by and show me how."

She kissed me, and led me out of the room. We left Judith sleeping.

That day I did all that was required of me, and every soul asked after my father and blessed his memory and his name.

Just as I was going to bed, about eleven o'clock, Judith came to me dressed to go out. "Come," she said, "we can see the lights burning in the church. I will try to pray. I like to watch the Christmas morning in. Will you watch too?"

## CHAPTER V.

### THE SECRET TOLD: THE SECRET KEPT.

Christmas morning! In the hour during which we had been away the house had been

garnished in the apparel of the day. They must have had all things ready, and have worked hard to put them in their places. Nature's Christmas gifts were bountiful that year at Calverley. The thaw had come at the right time. The holly was no worse for the icicles, and it glittered, and glowed in berried beauty over the antlers, and wreathed the helmets hung in the hall. Judith had smiled and pointed to them as we had passed along; and now her room, in which we stood together, was like a gem set in gold. I could not hide my admiration, my surprise.

"Ah," she said, "they do it for me. Every year is fuller of fondness than the last. They exhaust themselves with inventing new devices to make me happy. I could be happy in a moment if *she*—you know whom I mean—if she would confess her sin, and help me to heal the evil. Every year till this I have hoped that it was false. But that poor woman would never have lied upon her dying bed. And now what will your father do, Mary? It is all his, and he can give it to you. I had such a longing to see you. And I could have loved you once like a mother, you beautiful child—but that drifted away, and Lady Mackworth bore it—knowing all, never sunk under the disappointment; bore it better than I did. I am frightened when I think what a woman she is. And yet I love her. When I am gone, you will try to be a daughter to her, for she has never faltered one moment in her love to me through all these years. When I am gone—"

"Hush, Judith," I cried. "You must not talk. If you have commanded here too long, you must now learn to obey." I spoke with a strength that came to me like a new power, for there was something inexpressibly dreadful in the low dreamy way in which she was dropping out the thoughts of her poor laden heart. "You do not suppose," I said, "that an old woman's persisting in telling a strange story such as this is enough to make it true? We all know that there has been a mystery and a secret about something, and now it will be investigated; and the best thing you can do—indeed the only *decent* thing is for you to hold your tongue."

She looked at me astonished. And when I once more looked round the room, and took in its general aspect of luxury and indulgence, I felt sure that the strongest treatment I could venture upon would be the most beneficial. So I said it all again and again, in different ways; and from different points of view I argued it out with her, strongly and shortly. I told her she was not to talk of *when she was gone*, that it was wrong to say that Lady Mackworth had been guilty of *any* crime; that she had been weak to admit any such idea into her heart, destroying her own peace, and making every one miserable for years; and that now that the trouble was, where all troubles ought to be, *in the hands of men*, she had only to be still and wait—to be strong in the knowledge that she was willing to do right.

It was marvellous to see how Judith rallied under the new treatment to which I was subjecting her. Baines, who slept in a dressing-room, came in to ask if Judith was not going to bed; and Judith said, "I am having a new Christmas gift, and I think it is going to do me good." So then I bade her good-night and went away. But for myself there was no gift of sleep. I lay awake wondering; and then, though I was dressed, and had been reading by candle-light for an hour, I half screamed with fright when a woman came to light my fire, and put a note into my hand, saying, "The gentleman is down stairs please, ma'am."

It was from my father. "Keep the secret and contrive for me to see Judith, with yourself only as a witness, before nine o'clock, in the library, where I shall be waiting."

I dressed and went to Judith. I found her leaning from the window of her room, and looking across the entrance-drive to where the church tower showed among the trees. She was dressed in brown velvet from head to foot, and looked grandly handsome as she turned round, and her profile showed against the bright morning sky, and the masses of her folded hair looked heavy in the shade.

"I want you to show me the library," I said, suddenly.

She smiled. "I showed you my inner heart last night, and you scolded me well. What are you going to do for the library, if I show you that?"

She looked beautifully bright, for the cold breeze had brought the color to her cheeks, and I thought her attitude, as she stood with a black hat in her hand, was perfect. "I wanted you to walk again to the church with me. How well the bells have sounded! it is a frost once more. Will this Christmas bring peace to me?—I almost think it will."

"Come to the library," I said.

She took me to the cedar parlor, where we had been the night before, now gay with garlands, and fragrant with hot-house flowers, and through the door where I had first seen her strange, sad face; and, passing through a small ante-room hung with heavy drapery to keep away all cold and draughts, we found ourselves immediately in a long room, of which one whole length was hung with pictures, and where double bookcases stretching into the room between each window made deep wide recesses down the other side.

We walked straight to a glowing fire, and then, straight to our side from the recess in front of the fire, walked my father.

Judith visibly trembled. My father took her hand, and holding it, stooped his head and kissed my forehead, for I had got close to his side.

"John's arrival at four yesterday morning took me by surprise," he said. "He gave me your message, and I came off with my Christmas gift. Lady Mackworth is perfectly innocent of the deceit that was played."

"Thank God!" said Judith.

"And to my wife," said my father, "I will tell the rest. There is one dearer to me than even Lady Mackworth is to you; and only to my wife will I speak of that beloved one—only to her."

"You cannot wish that now, Roger," she said. But my father turned to me—

"Get your bonnet on, Mary, and follow us to the church. John is there. Now say yes, to me, Judith."

"Yes," she said.

My father detained me for one moment with his hand on my shoulder. "Only in this way," he said, "can we get rid of the difficulties which in your case, Judith, marriage settlements would produce. Only in this way can we *keep the secret*. Lady Mackworth must never know."

I began dimly to understand my father's meaning. He had armed himself with a special license. John was waiting at the church. *To keep the secret*—that Lady Mackworth might never know—that all legal difficulties might be avoided—for these things a private immediate marriage with the true possessor of all which had been wrongfully called here was the only thing to be done.

I felt it all; knew it, without being told; and hurried away, to come back and find Judith and my father waiting on the pathway to the church. We were there in two minutes, and the bells were ringing still. We stood there, before the altar, all decked for Christmas Day; and John and I witnessed the marriage by which the secret was to be kept from the world around us.

When we were once more in the library my father spoke in, as nearly as I can recollect, these words:

"It was my grandfather who, to save Lady Mackworth's life, replaced her dead child with a living one. You all know the circumstances that so sadly marked the time of her child's birth. He did it through a surgeon, who sent for me on his death-bed, and told me. My grandfather had said to him that he should that day alter his will, and secure the property to me. On his way to do me that justice he was killed. Mr. Ellerby—for the surgeon was the husband of the lady who has kept my house—feared the consequences to himself that might result from making known what he had done, at my grandfather's earnest desire, and purely to save Lady Mackworth, who had almost sunk under the news of her husband's death, and who could not have outlived the second shock of the death of her child. Ellerby died just before you broke off the marriage with Major Grey. We both heard the news about the same time, and Ellerby knew that Dame Margery had told you—so did I. Any moment in which you had confided in me would have been the last moment of difficulty, if you had so willed; but I could never do anything myself. Lady Mackworth used to ask me at Christmas; but least of all could I have done anything against your will, Judith, on Christmas Day."

"Tell the whole," said Judith. "Who am I?"

"You are my wife," he said. "No living soul knows any more."

The bells rang on. The news spread about, "Miss Mackworth was married!" My father took his bride to Lady Mackworth, who was waiting, wonder-struck, in the great hall.

How John had gone to London; how my father, "being high in the law, had managed to get his special license all in a moment," to use the people's words, and how Miss Mackworth had wedded with her own true love at last, was a Christmas story for every one to tell, and for every one to listen to. We did not mind how much the people talked; neither did we care what they said. *The secret was kept.*

Lady Mackworth blessed her daughter, and called my father her son; and in the evening he took his bride to London, and left us to feasting, and fireworks, and the most thorough rejoicing that ever surrounded the Christmas gifts of any Christmas Day.

Mrs. Ellerby, who had always been distinguished by a touch of melancholy, arising from never having been able to settle the question of her husband's good or evil deeds towards my father to her satisfaction, was made happy for life by the blessedness of this marriage. She kept the secret well; and when my father and Judith came back to Calverley, that the New Year might be begun among their own people, he cruelly looked at me, and asked where Miss Jackson was?

The world around, which had felt the shock of our Christmas Day so as scarcely for a time to know how to recover from it, forgave the whole thing on learning that Judith had intended to marry my father more than a dozen years before. In a moment everything was accounted for. My father became a county hero. We, who stood within the circle of attraction, were crowned as peace-makers; and when it became known that I was to be married to John from the old home that had become my father's house, the public satisfaction was at its height.

And still, in our little world, among all past Christmasses, that one, which is known as, *par excellence*, the Christmas of Calverley Court, stands out as *happy*. Without any of its troubles—with all its gifts to poor and rich, of hand and heart—ladies and gentlemen, *the same to you.*


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## WIT AND HUMOR.

### Mark Twain's Nag.

Mark Twain says of his horse:—"I have a horse by the name of Jericho. He is a mare. I have seen remarkable horses before, but none so remarkable as this. I wanted a horse that would shy, and this fills the bill. I had an idea that shying indicated spirit. If it was correct, I have got the most spirited horse on earth. He shies at everything he comes across with the utmost partiality. He appears to have a mortal dread of telegraph poles especially; and it is fortunate that these are on both sides of the road, because, as it is now, I never fall off twice in succession on the same side. If I fell on the same side always, it would get monotonous after a while. The creature has shied at everything he has seen to-day except a hay-stack. He walked up to that with an intrepidity and recklessness that was astonishing. And it would fill any one with admiration to see how he preserved his self-possession in the presence of a barley sack. This dare-devil bravery will be the death of this horse some day. He is not particularly fast, but I think he will get me through the Holy Land. He has only one fault. His tail has been chopped off, or else he has set down on it too hard some time or other, and has to fight the flies with his heels. This is all very well—but when he tries to kick a fly off the top of his head with his hind foot, it is too much of a variety. He is going to get himself into trouble that way some day. He reaches around and bites my legs, too. I do not care particularly about that—only I do not like to see a horse too sociable."—*The Innocents Abroad.*

### Not the Law.

A good story is told of Judge M——, presiding in one of the Supreme Court districts in Western New York:—

An action was brought in his court for one thousand dollars for damages for assault and battery. The facts were that the defendant, while walking in the street with his wife on his arm, was rudely accosted by the plaintiff, whom he had in some way offended, and was called in loud and insulting terms an opprobious epithet. On being thus addressed, the defendant left his wife and knocked down the plaintiff, who thereupon brought this action. The judge sympathized very strongly with the defendant, but, as the case was closely tried by the plaintiff's attorney, he knew that if there was a peg given the latter whereon to hang an exception to his charge, the clever lawyer would get a new trial. So, when the violence to the law had been duly expatiated upon, in the summing up, the judge arose and charged the jury as follows:—

"Gentlemen of the jury, if the plaintiff had met *me* walking along the street with my wife on my arm, and had called me what it is not denied that he called the defendant, I should have knocked him down just as the defendant did. *But*, gentlemen of the jury, *that is not the law.* You may take the case, gentlemen."

The jury gave the plaintiff six cents damages, without leaving their seats.

### The Decapitated Head.

During the progress of the Paris Exposition one of the side-shows that attracted the largest crowds was a representation of the decapitated head, a trick upon the same plan as that of the Sphynx, that created so much astonishment in the United States some time ago, but of which everybody now knows the secret. In this case the sight-seers entered a room that was separated from another by a grating. In this room was a plain table, upon which was a head apparently decapitated, but which on being interrogated, would answer all sorts of questions. One day an Englishman and his sister were among the spectators. The head, noticing them, remarked that it spoke English, when they proceeded to ask it several questions. Among others the lady gravely asked, "Have you a soul?" With a twinkle of the eyes, the answer came solemnly, "No, I am an American."

### Eccentric Prayers.

Some very eccentric expressions were used in the prayers of clergymen of the last century. An Edinburgh minister was inclined to grumble when he prayed: "Give us not evil, to think Thee neglectful of Thine own, for we are Thine own family; and we have been but scurvily provided for a long time." The following is a specimen of baptismal prayer:—"Lord, bless and preserve this young calf, that he may grow an ox, to draw in Christ's plough." We wonder whether the municipal gallery was occupied when Mr. Erskine prayed thus: "O Lord, have mercy upon all fools and idiots, and particularly on the magistrates of Edinburgh." Mr. Dickson once indulged in the following kitchen-garden allegory: "Dibble Thou the kail of Thy grace into our hearts; and if we grow not up to the stature of good kail, Lord, make us good sprouts at least."

### Pat and the Magistrate.

"Please your lordship's honor and glory," replied Tom, "I shot the hare by accident."

"By accident?" remarked Captain O'Halloran.

"I was firing at a bush and the baste ran across my aim, all on his own accord."

"The gamekeeper tells a different story," replied his lordship.

"Ooh! don't put faith in what that man says," said Tom Ryan, "when he never cares about spakin' the truth any how. He tould me t'other day yer lordship was not so fit to fill the seat of justice as a jackass!"

"Ay, ay," exclaimed Viscount Kilskiddery, "indeed! and what did you say?"

"Plaise your lordship, I said your lordship was."

TAKING OFF THE ODDS.—A sailor having purchased some medicine, demanded the price. "Why," said the doctor, "seven and sixpence." "Take off the odds," replied the sailor, "and I will pay you the even." "Well," returned the doctor, "we won't quarrel about trifles." The sailor laid down sixpence, and the doctor reminded him of his mistake. "No mistake at all, sir; six is even and seven is odd. I wish you a good day." "Get you gone," said the doctor; "I have gained fourpence by you now."

☞ Put an Englishman into the garden of Eden, and he would find fault with the whole blasted concern; put a Yankee in, and he would see where he could alter it to advantage; put an Irishman in, and he would want to boss the thing; put a Dutchman in, and he would proceed at once to plant it with cabbages.

COMING EVENTS.

1ST PICKPOCKET.—"Seen the new lord mayor, Bill?"
2D DITTO.—"No; but it's werry pobable as I shall to-morrer mornin'!"

### A LAY OF THE SLEIGHING SEASON.

Of all the joys vouchsafed to man
In life's tempestuous whirl,
There's naught approaches Heaven so near
As sleighing with a girl—
A rosy, laughing, buxom girl;
A frank, good-natured, honest girl;
A feeling, flirting, dashing, doting,
Smiling, smacking, jolly, joking,
Jaunty, jovial, poser-poking,
Dear little duck of a girl.

Pile up your wealth a mountain high,
You sneering, scolding churl,
I'll laugh as I go dashing by
With my jingling bells and girl—
The brightest, dearest, sweetest girl;
The trimmest, gayest, neatest girl;
The funniest, flushest, frankest, fairest,
Roundest, ripest, roughest, rarest,
Spunkiest, spiciest, squirmiest, squarest,
Best of girls with drooping lashes,
Half concealing amorous flashes—
Just the girl for a chap like me
To court, and love, and marry, you see—
With rosy cheeks and clustering curls,
The sweetest and the best of girls.

### Pocahontas.

All that is heroic, picturesque, or romantic in history, seems to be rapidly disappearing under the microscopic scrutiny of modern critics. One by one those favorite stories of the past, which we have admired and loved as embalming lofty ideals of human virtue, pass out from the domain of the actual into the region of the mythical, until, so far as history is concerned, one is fairly ready to exclaim with Shakspeare, "Nothing is but what is not." The latest iconoclasm of this sort is the hopeless overthrow of the romantic story of Pocahontas. Mr. E. Neills, United States Consul at Dublin, has been examining the groundwork of this legend, and the London Spectator has revived his conclusions. According to the new evidence elicited in this matter, Pocahontas "was just a savage of the ordinary Indian kind, who ran naked in the woods till she was twelve," and whose marriage at fifteen, with Captain Rolfe, was the result of an ambitious plan on the part of that settler, to get possession by this means of her father's lands. The popular story of her saving the life of Captain Smith, by flinging herself upon his breast, between him and her father's club, was an invention of Smith's, who originally gave a very different report of the affair. Powhattan, it seems, used to send Pocahontas into the English settlements in token of friendliness, where William Strachey, Secretary of the Colony, saw and described her in 1610. "Their younger women goe not shadowed amongst their owne companie until they be nigh eleaven or twelve returnes of the leafe old (for soe they accompt and bring about the yeare, calling the fall of the leafe taquitcook;) nor are they much ashamed thereof, and therefore would the before remembered Pochahuntas, a well-featured but wanton young girle, Powhattan's daughter, sometymes resorting to our fort, of the age then of eleven or twelve yeares, get the boyes forth with her into the markett place, and make them wheele, falling on with their hands, turning up their heels upwards, whome she would follow and wheele so herself, naked as she was, all the fort over." In 1613, when Pocahontas was fifteen years old, Powhattan had, for reasons unknown, quarrelled with the settlers, and held certain of them prisoners, and for the purpose of securing their release; and also as a means of obtaining a supply of corn from the Indians, Pocahontas was enticed on board one of the ships, and there held as a hostage. Powhattan immediately complied with the terms for her release, but Pocahontas, on some pretext or other, was still retained as a prisoner; and then Mr. John Rolfe, for purposes already named, conceived the idea of marrying her. Powhattan, who had sold Pocahontas's sister for two bushels of beads, consented, and sent witnesses to see the ceremony. Afterward, in order to make interest for the colony in England, she was sent to London as an Indian princess, where she attracted the same sort of attention "that a converted Tasmanian or Maori would now; that is, as a subject of some intellectual curiosity, but little admiration." Her portrait was painted, and represents, "a thoroughly Indian woman, with high cheek-bones, gloomy face, and lanky hair, some thirty years of age—she was only eighteen—and who never could have been beautiful, according to English ideas of beauty." According to a casual remark of Strachey, she lived as wife with another settler before her marriage with Rolfe. Pocahontas bore Rolfe one son, through whom a great many Virginia families are fond of claiming their descent from the "Indian princess." The picture Mr. Neill's narrative calls up, of a naked little savage turning somersaults through the English settlements, is rather disturbing to that heroic ideal of the beautiful Indian girl we have all admired; but no doubt a good many of us will cling to Captain Smith's romance, in despite of Mr. Neill's attempt to despoil the world of one of its choicest traditions.

### "Died Poor."

"It was a sad funeral to me," said the speaker; "the saddest I have attended for many years."

"That of Edmonson?"

"Yes."

"How did he die?"

"Poor—poor as poverty. His life was one long struggle with the world, and at every disadvantage. Fortune mocked him all the while with golden promises that were destined never to know fulfillment."

"Yet he was patient and enduring," remarked one of the company.

"Patient as a Christian—enduring as a martyr," was answered. "Poor man! He was worthy of a better fate. He ought to have succeeded, for he deserved success."

"Did he not succeed?" questioned the one who had spoken on his patience and endurance.

"No, sir. He died poor, just as I have stated. Nothing that he put his hand to ever succeeded. A strange fatality seemed to attend every enterprise."

"I was with him in his last moments," said the other, "and thought he died rich."

"No, he has left nothing behind," was replied. "The heirs will have no concern as to the administration of his estate."

"He left a good name," said one, "and that is something."

"And a legacy of noble deeds that were done in the name of humanity," remarked another.

"And precious examples," said a third.

"Lessons of patience in suffering; of hope in adversity; of heavenly confidence when no sunbeams fell upon his bewildering path," was the testimony of another.

"And high truths, manly courage, heroic fortitude."

"Then he died rich," was the emphatic declaration. "Richer than the millionaire who went to his long home on the same day, miserable in all but gold. A sad funeral, did you say? No, my friend, it was a triumphal procession! Not the burial of a human clod, but the ceremonies attendant on the translation of an angel. Did not succeed! Why, his whole life was a series of successes? In every conflict he came off the victor, and now the victor's crown is on his brow. Any grasping, soulless, selfish man, with a moderate share of brains, may gather in money, and learn the art of keeping it, but not one in a hundred can conquer bravely in the battle of life, as Edmonson has conquered, and step forth from the ranks of men a Christian hero. No, no; he did not die poor, but rich—rich in neighborly love, and rich in celestial affections. And his heirs have an interest in the administration of his affairs. A large property has been left, and let them see to it that they do not lose precious things through false estimates and ignorant depreciations."

"You have a new way of estimating the wealth of a man," said the one who had first expressed sympathy for the deceased.

"Is it not the right way?" was answered. "There are higher things to gain in this world than wealth that perishes. Riches of princely value ever reward the true merchant, who trades for wisdom, buying it with the silver of truth and the gold of love. He dies rich who can take his treasure with him to the new land where he is to abide forever, and he who has to leave all behind on which he placed his affections, dies poor indeed. Our friend Edmonson died richer than a Girard or an Astor; his monument is built of good deeds and noble examples. It will abide forever."

☞ A materialist surgeon of Paris lately showed to one of his friends one of his instruments, the handle of which was carved in bone. "Do you know," he asked, "of what this handle is made?" "Of ivory, I suppose." "No," said the doctor, while tears almost choked his voice, "it is the thigh bone of my poor aunt."

## AGRICULTURAL.

### Sheep Husbandry.

A writer in the Chicago Republican gives the following encouraging and very sensible advice to wool growers:

"Sheep husbandry and wool growing must soon again come into importance. The dull prices for wool and mutton have led to a great slaughter of the sheep—so much so that flocks now are greatly reduced. Very possibly, by another season, wool may begin to increase in price; then sheep will begin to appreciate, and in two or three years it would be nothing strange if there was another brisk sheep fever developed, and many who are now allowing even their flocks to waste may then be buying them up again at fabulous prices. But be that as it may, we think all properly situated farmers would do well to take care of their sheep and flocks and keep them up; they will pay better at present prices than grain; besides they will help sustain the farm, so that it will continue to grow grain. Good sheep will always pay better with wool at 35 cents per pound, than wheat at $1 per bushel: therefore stick to the sheep as one of the best resources of the farm, one year with another; they afford two crops a year, one of wool and the other of increase and mutton. Do not buy so many thousand-dollar bucks, nor yet use coarse and mean ones, not good for anything."

### Winter Bee House.

During the last ten winters I have kept the principal part of my bees in a house, with the best results. House, eleven by twelve feet, and six feet six inches between floors. Walls ten inches, filled in with sawdust, and clapboards outside, and sealed inside. Double door in one end; window in the other, shutter inside, and in winter the space between window and shutter filled with hay or straw. Upper floor and lower, in winter, covered with sawdust. Ventilator in lower floor, with six-inch stove-pipe through middle of upper floor, extending up near the roof, with elbow on top to keep out light, making considerable draft; and when door and window are both closed the repository is as dark as a dungeon.

If colonies are strong with bees and honey, or only moderately so with a fertile queen, and well ventilated, I would not be afraid to warrant them to come out all strong in the spring, having no disease whatever. I often throw open the door at evening, closing it in the morning. Keep bees in a dry, even temperature, say from thirty-five to forty-two degrees, and you will not have a suffocated, smeared, stinking mass of dead bees in the spring. Bees, like man, want God's pure, fresh air. We must remember that the larger the number, the greater the heat. Build large, ventilate.—*Correspondent Bee Journal.*

### Dry Earth for Poultry Houses.

The employment of dry, pulverized earth as the means of deodorising poultry houses, appears to be worthy of more attention than it has hitherto received. The fact that from four hundred to five hundred fowls can, by this aid, be kept in one building for months together, with less smell than is to be found in any ordinary fowl-house capable of accommodating a dozen chickens, is very conclusive as to its efficacy. In the building of the National Company, where this fact has been ascertained, seven or eight fowls are kept in each compartment, twelve feet by three, and yet there is no smell or trace of moisture. Mr. Greyelin informs us that if a much larger number are put into each run, the ground becomes moist, ceases to deodorise, and the birds at once become unhealthy. It should be stated that the droppings that fall from the perches during the night are removed from the runs each morning, and the dry earth only receives the manure that falls during the day; this has its moisture absorbed so speedily by the earth that it at once became pulverized, mixed with the soil, and ceases to smell. So powerful is the deodorising effect of the earth, that it does not require to be renewed in the runs for many weeks together. —*London Field.*

### To Keep Cellars from Freezing.

The following method for obtaining this desirable feature is given by the Scientific American. The experiment was tried by a gentleman with the cellar of an out-house, in which on several occasions vegetables have frozen, although the cellar was fortified against frost by a process known to farmers as "banking." The walls and the ceiling were pasted over with four or five thicknesses of old newspapers, a curtain of the same material being also pasted over the small low windows at the top of the cellar. The papers were pasted to the bare joists overhead, leaving an air space between them and the floor. He reports that the papers carried his roots through last winter, though the cellar was left unbanked, and he is confident they have made the cellar frost-proof. We do not counsel the special use of old newspapers for this purpose. It is just as well or better to use coarse brown paper. Whatever paper is employed, it will be necessary to sweep down the walls thoroughly, and to use a very strong size to hold the paper to the stones. It is not necessary to press the paper down into all the depressions of the wall; every air space beneath it is an additional defence against the cold.

## RECEIPTS.

HOW TO SALT AND PRESERVE BEEF AND HAM.—We have selected the following receipts and submitted them to a notable housewife, who pronounces them good:—

*Salting Beef for Summer Use.*—16 qts. of salt, and 4 oz. of saltpetre for each 100 lbs. beef. Rub the pieces all over with salt, and pack it in edgewise, and after a layer is completed, take an axe or maul and pound down solid. Then sprinkle on a little saltpetre and fill up all interstices with salt, and so on until the cask is full. Those who do not like saltpetre may omit it without injury to the meat.

Mr. A. Wanzer, who communicated this recipe to the Albany Cultivator, says he has salted his beef in this way for fifteen years, that it needs no soaking before boiling, and will be tender and sweet the year round. By this way of salting it makes its own brine, and never wants repacking, nor the brine scalding. If the brine should not cover it in the spring, sufficient may be added for that purpose.

Take a barrel and turn it over an old pan or kettle, and burn cobs or hard wood for seven or eight days, keeping water on the head of the barrel to prevent its drying.

Make a pickle as follows:—6 oz. of saltpetre, 2 qts. of molasses, 3 gallons of water, for each 100 lbs. of ham. Boil and skim the pickle thus prepared. Pack the ham in the barrels, and when the pickle is cold, pour it on to the meat, and in four weeks it will be excellent, very tender, and well smoked.

*Another.*—Make a pickle as follows:—5 qts. of molasses, 5 oz. of saltpetre, and 3 gallons of water, for each 100 lbs. of beef or ham. Boil these over a gentle fire, and skim off the skum as it rises. Pack hams with the shank end downwards, and when the pickle is cool, pour it over them or the beef. They will require to lay in the pickle from two to six weeks, according to the size of the pieces and the state of the weather—as they require to lay in the pickle longer if the weather is cold.—*New England Farmer.*

## THE RIDDLER.

### Shakesperian Enigma.

I am composed of 64 letters.
My 16, 38, 52, 30, 4, 64, is a character in Merry Wives of Windsor.
My 33, 29, 51, 19, 6, 48, is a character in Richard 3d.
My 11, 34, 55, 23, 58, 2, 41, is a character in part 2d of Henry VI.
My 3, 47, 26, 37, is a character in Love's Labor Lost.
My 9, 63, 39, 20, 24, 30, 5, 61, is a character in Romeo and Juliet.
My 57, 60, 54, 27, 49, 29, is a character in Macbeth.
My 42, 21, 1, 14, 28, 56, 5, 35, is a character in Julius Cæsar.
My 46, 13, 8, 10, 22, 50, is a character in Pericles.
My 62, 49, 44, 32, 12, 60, 25, 58, 31, is a character in Measure for Measure.
My 17, 59, 45, 6, 15, 5, 22, is a character in Anthony and Cleopatra.
My 30, 2, 43, 40, 6, is a character in second part of Henry IV.
My 18, 53, 7, 49, 45, is character in Henry V.
My whole is to be found in "Othello."
*Louisville, Ky.* MARY E. BENSON.

### Miscellaneous Enigma.

I am composed of 35 letters.
My 8, 33, 4, is a lake in Europe.
My 26, 29, 9, 1, 23, 27, 15, was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.
My 34, 16, 12, are the initials of a gentleman living in Wooster, Ohio.
My 28, 10, 5, 31, was an ancient heathen deity.
My 13, 20, 14, 19, 24, 22, is a cooling drink.
My 35, 6, 18, 15, 32, was a member of Congress in 1774.
My 17, 21, 30, 5, 3, 2, 22, was the name of a once powerful royal family.
My 25, 13, 28, is a river in the United States.
My 33, 32, 30, 7, 18, 15, 31, were an ancient race of people.
My 11, 27, 8, is a river in the United States.
My whole is the name and birth-place of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. IDA L. PALMER.
*Pompeii, Mich.*

### Probability Problem.

A triangle is formed by joining three points taken at random within a given sphere. Required—the probability that the triangle is acute. ARTEMAS MARTIN.
*McKean, Erie Co., Pa.*
☞ An answer is requested.

### Problem.

A gentleman owning a farm containing 785,4 acres, in the form of a circle, gave to his nine daughters the nine largest pentagons that could be formed with an angle of each touching the circumference of the circle; to his son the largest nonagon that could be formed about the bases of the pentagons, and the remainder to the widow. Required—the share of each.
E. P. NORTON.
*Allen, Hillsdale Co., Mich.*
☞ An answer is requested.

### Problem.

A man purchased a farm in the form of a rectangle, whose length was four times its breadth. It cost one-fourth as many dollars per acre as the *field* was RODS in length, and the number of dollars paid for the farm was four times the number of *rods* round it. Required—the price of farm, its length and breadth. WILL.
*Miami Station, Mo.*
☞ An answer is requested.

### Conundrums.

☞ Why are horses in cold weather like meddlesome gossips? Ans.—Because they are bearers of idle tales.

☞ What is that, from which if you take the whole, some will still remain? Ans.—The word wholesome.

☞ Why are washerwomen great travellers? Ans.—Because they are continually crossing the line, and running from pole to pole.

☞ When should a woman go into the lumber business? Ans.—When she *pines* for her lover, who is a *spruce* young man, and of whom she thinks a great *deal.*

☞ Why is drawing from nature infectious? It's sketching.

☞ If the petrified giant were to wake up suddenly, what great African traveller would he resemble? Living-stone.

### Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—By the road of by-and-by, one arrives at the town of Never. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Where there's a will there's always a way.

TO MULL ALE.—Take a pint of good, strong ale, and pour it into a saucepan with three cloves and a little nutmeg; sugar to your taste. Set it over the fire, and when it boils take it off to cool. Beat up the yolks of four eggs exceedingly well; mix them first with a little cold ale, then add them to the warm ale, and pour it in and out of the pan several times. Set it over a slow fire, beat it a little, take it off again; do this three times until it is hot, then serve it with dry toast.

MUSH, MUSH CAKES, AND FRIED MUSH.—Stir corn meal into boiling water till sufficiently thick. Add salt; keep stirring it to prevent its being lumpy. It should boil nearly 1 hour. Pour it out in pans—and when cold it makes a wholesome and good desert, if sliced and fried. Eat it with sugar and cream, or butter and molasses.

MUSH CAKES.—Take 1 quart cold mush, mix in it ½ pint wheat flour, and a little butter or lard; make it in little cakes with your hands. Flour them and bake on a griddle as slab cake, or in the oven.

BREAD CAKE.—Three pounds of light dough, one pound of butter, a pound and a half of sugar, six eggs, and one nutmeg. Work well together, and bake three hours in a loaf.

GINGERBREAD.—One pound of flour, half a pound of butter mixed in half a pound of brown sugar, and as much molasses (not melted) as will roll it into paste, add ginger to taste; pour it thin upon tins, and bake in a quick oven.

CURE FOR CORNS.—Bind a piece of sponge, moistened in a weak solution of pearlash, on going to bed. It is said that the skin may be brushed off in the morning, having been dissolved by the action of the caustic. Corns have been entirely cured by a poultice of bread and water, with a little laudanum and paregoric put in, putting it on two nights at bed-time.